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Jan. '77
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NUMBER 188 JANUARY 1977

MAD

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—but it can also make for a pretty messy hand!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
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JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Jan. 1977, Volume 1, No. 188. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 20 issues $7.99.* Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $9.99.* Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1976 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. *This special offer expires Christmas Eve, 1976 (give or take a week or so) Printed In U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

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LETTERS DEPT.

KEEP ON TREKIN'

"Keep On Trekin'" is the funniest thing since "Space: 1999"!

Scott Vance
Pepperell, Ma.

Jacobs and Drucker really showed the "other side" of the Enterprise crew. It also establishes the space musical as the remotest frontier of "off-Broadway"!

Michael Schoenwald
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker "Boldly go where no man has gone before!"

David Brunetti
Glen Burnie, Md.

Judging from Frank Jacobs's comprehension of "Star Trek," I'd say he was "Lost In Space"!

Mathew Brueler
Freeport, Ill.

You maniacs have cooked up an issue that would make Mr. Spock laugh!

Stephanie Portalski
Phoenix, Ariz.

It's about time somebody shot a laser right down the middle of those insane people who call themselves "Trekkies." Bless their bubble-gum brains! Do you think it was the fault of their parents?

Steve Gilbert
Hobbs, New Mexico

You clowns are really crazy to do a take off on "Star Trek" with all the dedicated Trekkies walking around. Some Spock nut may give you the "grip" one day.

Doug Patterson
Snellville, Ga.

I think Drucker and Jacobs really goofed this time. "Star Trek" has become a phenomenon because of its basic appeal to peoples's hopes and aspirations for a better world. Paramount owns the whole show, incidentally, including the reruns and the characters. The only money the actors get is from lectures, books and stationery that are indirectly related to the series.

Sara Shleien
Trekkie
Silver Spring, Md.

Recalling "A MAD Look At The Diseases Of Our Sick Society," MAD #126 (April '69), you can now add the infection spread by Jacobs and Drucker . . . "Trekinosis"!

Teddy Khoury
Brigantine, N.J.

MAD STAR TREK MUSICAL COVER

Jack Rickard's dance trio looks very Enterprising. I never knew Alfred E. Neuman had ears for music.

Bruce Waldmer
Olathe, Kan.

MAD has earned a lasting place in Trekdom with the introduction of "Alfred E. Vulcan," MAD's "What, me logical?" kid.

Andrew Bartmess
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Alfred E. Vulcan" enshrined in Trekdom!

Rickard's illustration of "Alfie The Vulcan" is far out! Let's see Jack do some more front covers.

Bruce Hay
Oak Park, Ill.

MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR

I'm a Senior Packager in Art & Design High School. Your "MAD's Packager Of The Year" is a prize package.

Joe Preston
New York, N.Y.

I don't know the "'big nothing" Hart and Rickard are packaging for the public in November because they only show his lower jaw. Still, his chin looks stronger than any of the chins that are in the running.

George Dumas
Washington, D.C.

Stan Hart and Jack Rickard took the wraps off a very sneaky industry.

Rob Pattison
Toronto, Ont.
Canada

"Packager . . ." was so good, I stopped reading it in the store and bought it!

Robert Harowitz
Cherry Hill, N.J.

FAMILY READING BOOM

Just a note to tell you it's so good to hear the kids laugh as soon as your MAD arrives. We laugh at them laughing.

Mrs. George Landis
Clearlake Highlands, Calif.

HAS ANYBODY EVER REALLY HEARD . . .

"Has Anybody Ever Really Heard . . ."
—a Japanese person say, "Ah, so!"
—a streetwalker call, "Hey sailor, over here!"
—a cook summon people to dinner with "Soup's on!"
—a landlady admonish, "I run a respectable house here!"
—a trouble-maker declare, "This town ain't big enough for both of us!"

Risë Hatten
Olney, Ill.

MARTIN'S "THE STORY OF MOSES"

Martin's "Moses" is certainly a divisive force!

Eldon Potter
Kansas City, Kan.

"The Story Of Moses" was all wet!

Greg Wayman
San Jose, Calif.

I laughed so hard at Don Martin's "Moses," my sides parted!

Todd Huff
Bellevue, Ky.

Don Martin's "The Story Of Moses" is enough to supersede the Charlton Heston portrayal of same!

Thomas Atkins
The Film Journal
Hollins, Va.

PHOOLISH

"Phoolish" would have been even MAD-der with Mother Dexter, or Mother Drecker, in it.

Kristi Niles
Bangor, Mich.

LET US ~~X~~PRAY

Your "Let Us ~~X~~pray" was a real gas!

Don Adams
Creston, Iowa

The idiot using the aerosol can in "Let Us ~~X~~pray" is out of his skull!

Gregg Millheiser
New City, N.Y.

"Last Gasp Aerosol" was really breathtaking!

Bryan Briscoe
Medina, Wash.

PROMISSORY NOTE

I will try to write every issue.

David Lynn
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Don't inconvenience yourself. It's hard for us to write every issue!—Ed.

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the MORON

Jammy, you're **free** to do **whatever you want!** Just remember, you cost the Government **six million dollars to build.** and you owe it **nothing** in **return!** So be **VERY CAREFUL!**

Of **foreign SPIES!**

No . . . of **U.S. TAXPAYERS!!**

That woman is **extremely interesting!** I would like very much to **make LOVE** to a woman like that!

Then why not bring her some **flowers,** and take her out to **dinner?**

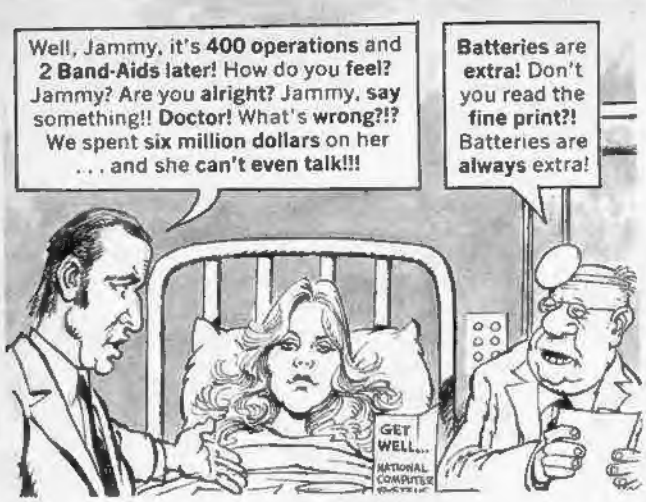
Because she is **ELECTRONIC!!**

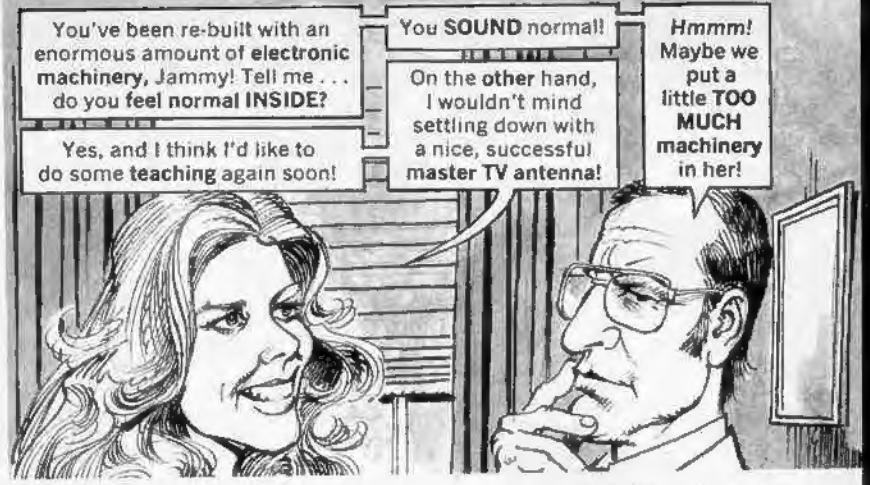
Then why not bring her some **transistors,** and take her to a **power plant!**

That's why I'm **here,** General! I can offer you the **plans** for The Moronic Woman! When it comes to **stealing plans,** you'll **never** meet anyone **better!**

I **certainly HOPE SO,** Stranger . . . because when it comes to **DISGUISES,** I've **never** met anyone **WORSE!**

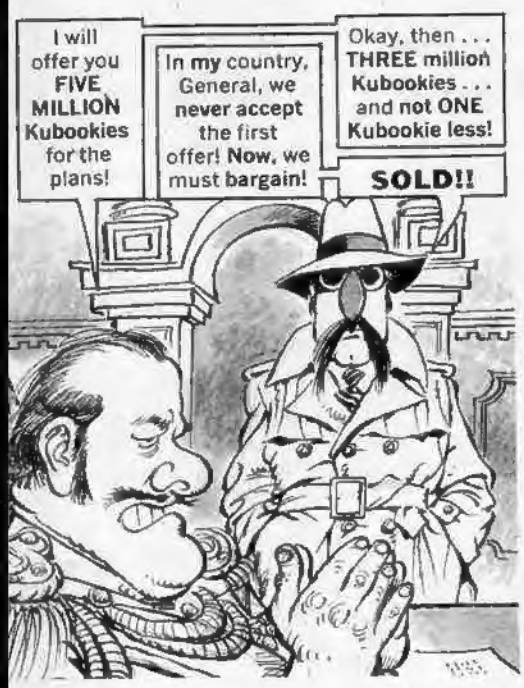
DRUCKER

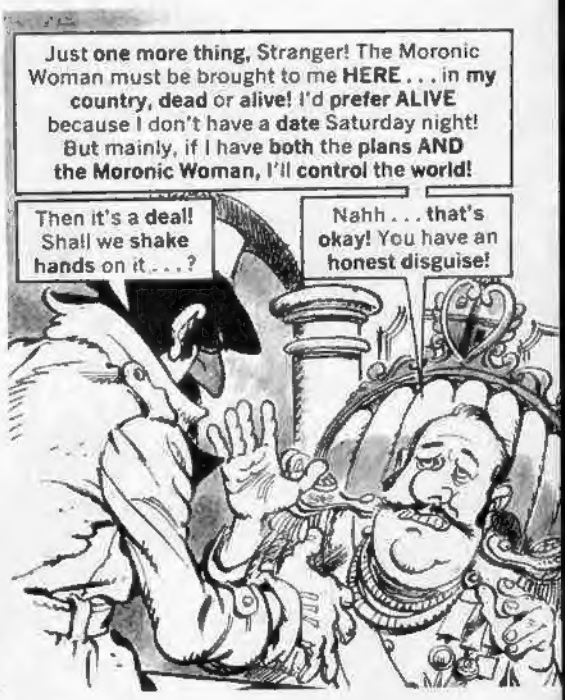




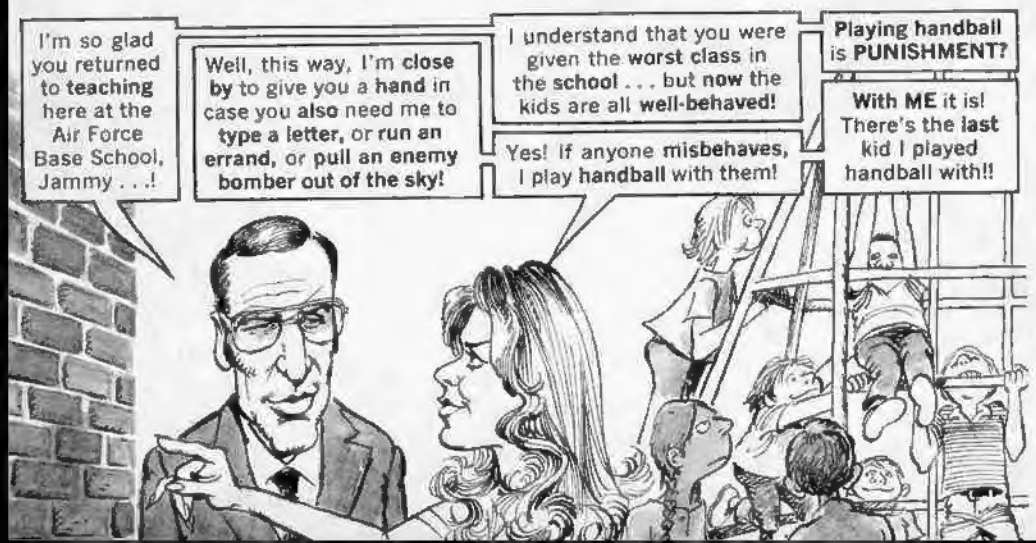
TRAN-SISTER DEPT.

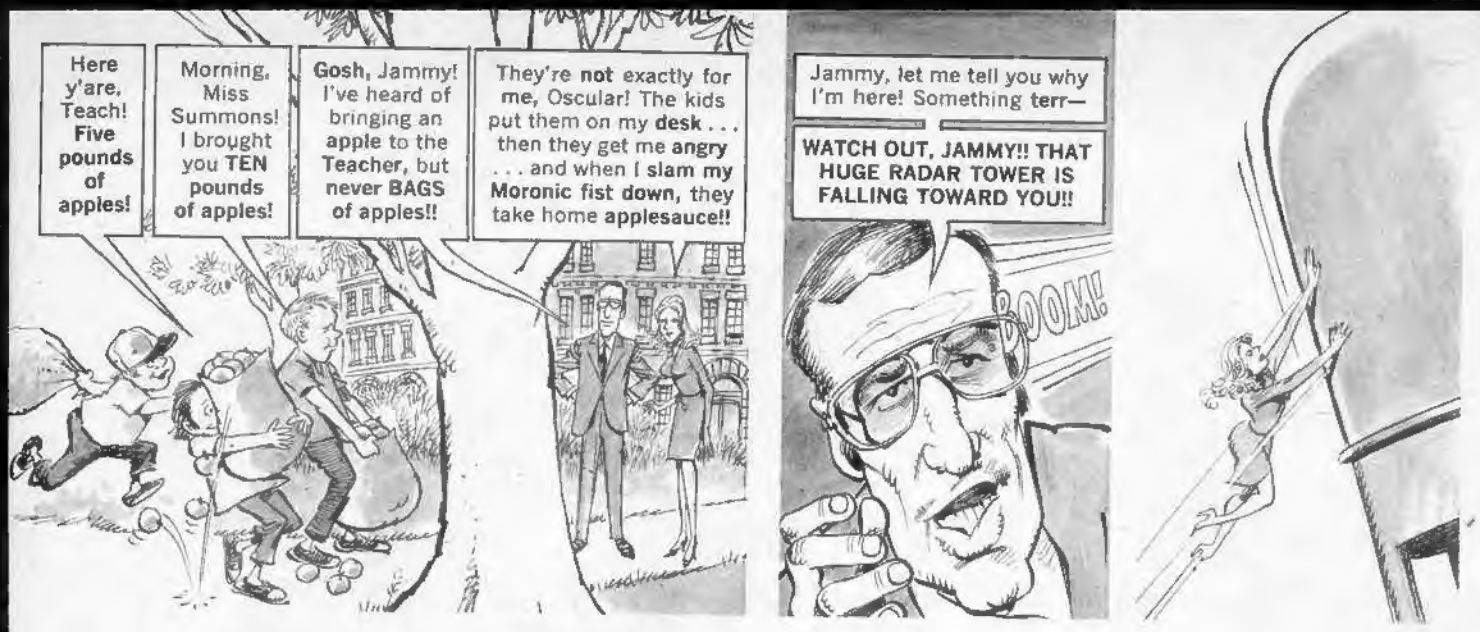
NIC WOMAN

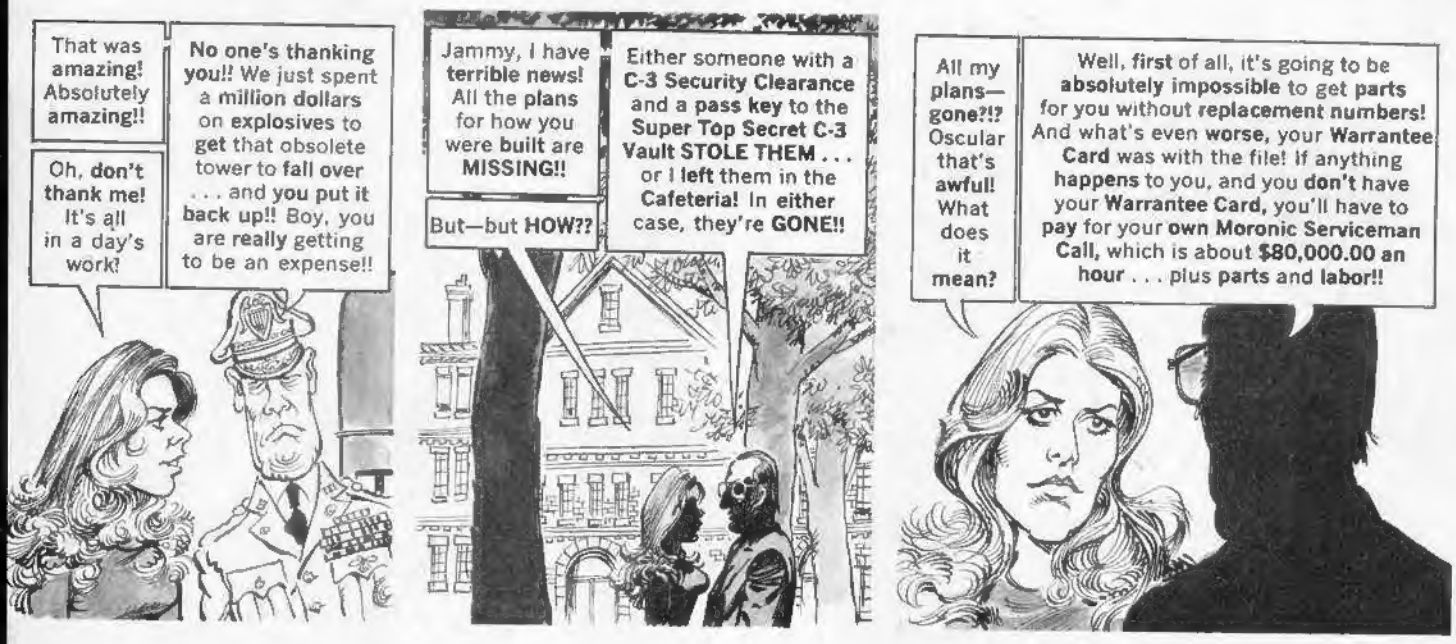




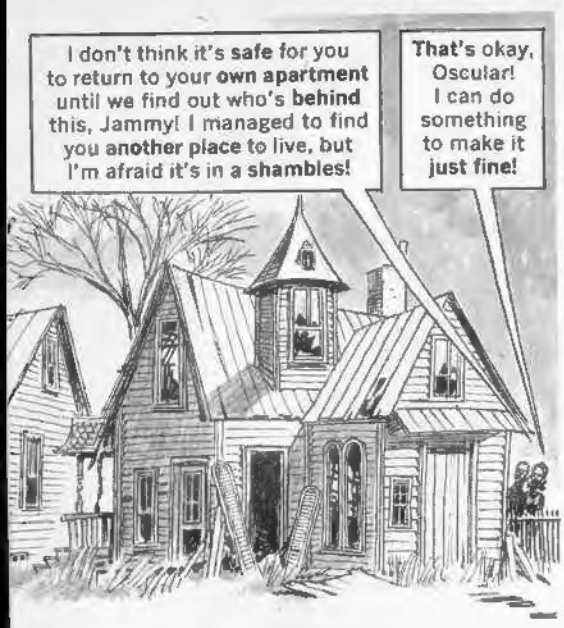
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

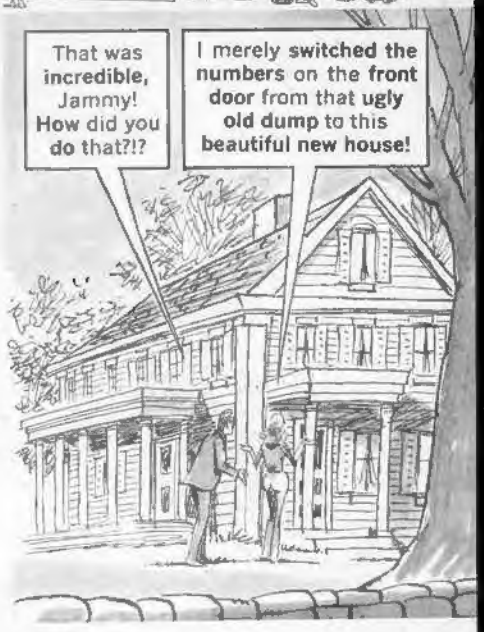


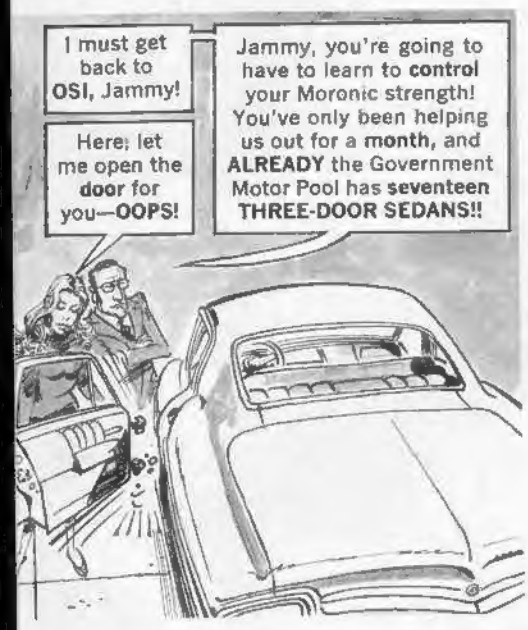

Here y'are, Teach! Five pounds of apples!
Morning, Miss Summons! I brought you TEN pounds of apples!
Gosh, Jammy! I've heard of bringing an apple to the Teacher, but never BAGS of apples!!
They're not exactly for me, Oscular! The kids put them on my desk . . . then they get me angry . . . and when I slam my Moronic fist down, they take home applesauce!!
Jammy, let me tell you why I'm here! Something terr—
WATCH OUT, JAMMY!! THAT HUGE RADAR TOWER IS FALLING TOWARD YOU!!
BOOM!


That was amazing! Absolutely amazing!!
Oh, don't thank me! It's all in a day's work!
No one's thanking you!! We just spent a million dollars on explosives to get that obsolete tower to fall over . . . and you put it back up!! Boy, you are really getting to be an expense!!
Jammy, I have terrible news! All the plans for how you were built are MISSING!!
But—but HOW??
Either someone with a C-3 Security Clearance and a pass key to the Super Top Secret C-3 Vault STOLE THEM . . . or I left them in the Cafeteria! In either case, they're GONE!!
All my plans—gone?!? Oscular that's awful! What does it mean?
Well, first of all, it's going to be absolutely impossible to get parts for you without replacement numbers! And what's even worse, your Warrantee Card was with the file! If anything happens to you, and you don't have your Warrantee Card, you'll have to pay for your own Moronic Serviceman Call, which is about $80,000.00 an hour . . . plus parts and labor!!

I've got a theory about who stole the plans, Jammy! It has to be—
WATCH OUT!! THAT CHURCH BELL IS FALLING RIGHT ON US!!
BONNG!
Someone's out to KILL YOU! First, a Radar Tower falls on you . . . and now a Church Bell!
You know, Oscular . . . accidents DO happen!!
Listen, Jammy . . . the nearest Church is nine miles from here . . . and they're still selling Home-made Cookies to BUY a new Bell!!

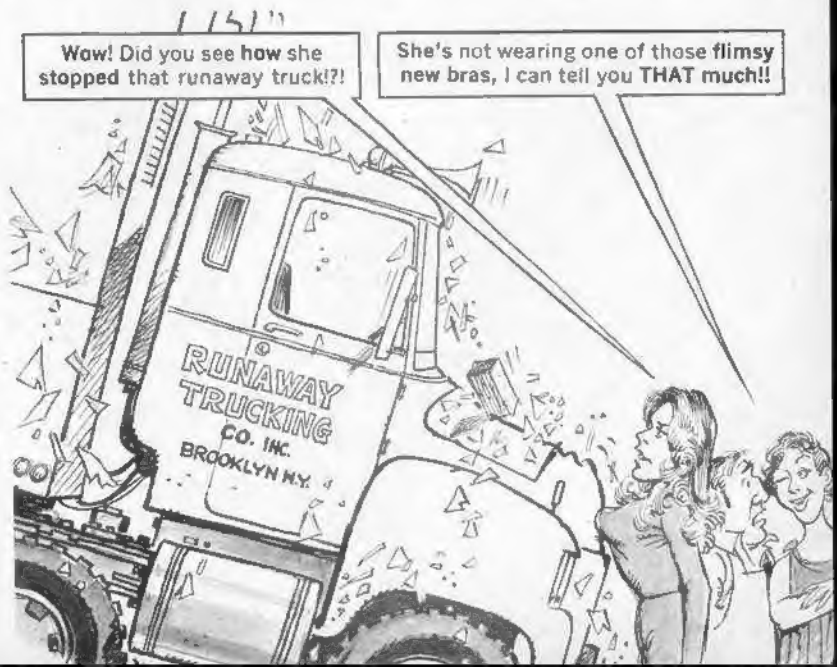

I don't think it's safe for you to return to your own apartment until we find out who's behind this, Jammy! I managed to find you another place to live, but I'm afraid it's in a shambles!
That's okay, Oscular! I can do something to make it just fine!

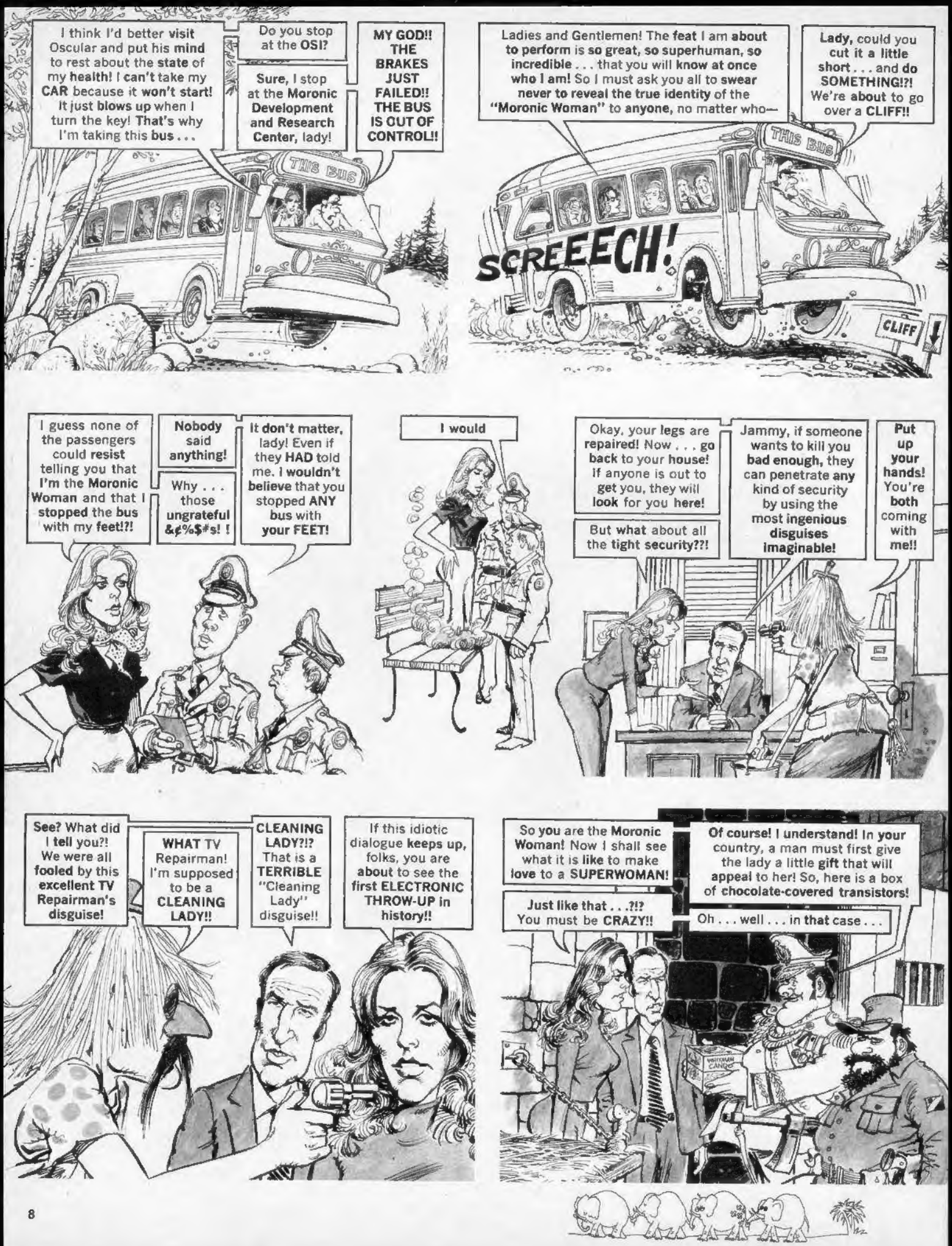

That was incredible, Jammy! How did you do that?!?
I merely switched the numbers on the front door from that ugly old dump to this beautiful new house!


I must get back to OSI, Jammy!
Here; let me open the door for you—OOPS!
Jammy, you're going to have to learn to control your Moronic strength! You've only been helping us out for a month, and ALREADY the Government Motor Pool has seventeen THREE-DOOR SEDANS!!

I have C-3 Security Clearance, and you can trust me, right?
Yes . .!!
Then—will you please tell me what OSI stands for . . .?!
Okay! It stands for "Moronic Development and Research Center"!
OSI stands for "Moronic Development and Research Center"?!? But, Oscular! Not one initial matches! It's ridiculous!!
We know! But this WHOLE PROJECT is ridiculous! So calling it OSI is PERFECT!!
And you're telling ME to watch out for U.S. Taxpayers?!

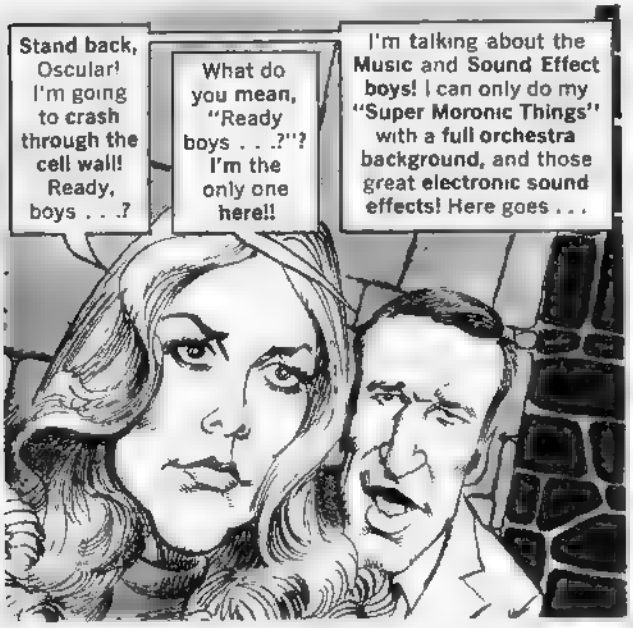
That Oscular is such an old worrier! Imagine . . . thinking that someone wants to kill me?!
Good Lord, lady! Didn't you see that runaway truck headed right toward you?! It almost ran you down!!
Oh, well! There are lots of careless truck drivers around!
Yeah?!? In LAUNDROMATS?!
SOAP 25¢


Wow! Did you see how she stopped that runaway truck!?!
She's not wearing one of those flimsy new bras, I can tell you THAT much!!
RUNAWAY TRUCKING CO. INC. BROOKLYN N.Y.

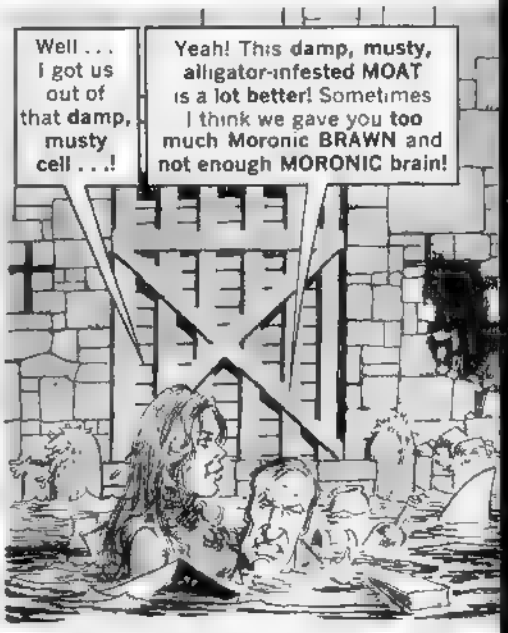

I think I'd better visit Oscular and put his mind to rest about the state of my health! I can't take my CAR because it won't start! It just blows up when I turn the key! That's why I'm taking this bus . . .
Do you stop at the OSI?
Sure, I stop at the Moronic Development and Research Center, lady!
MY GOD!! THE BRAKES JUST FAILED!! THE BUS IS OUT OF CONTROL!!
THIS BUS
Ladies and Gentlemen! The feat I am about to perform is so great, so superhuman, so incredible . . . that you will know at once who I am! So I must ask you all to swear never to reveal the true identity of the "Moronic Woman" to anyone, no matter who—
Lady, could you cut it a little short . . . and do SOMETHING!?! We're about to go over a CLIFF!!
THIS BUS
SCREEECH!
CLIFF
I guess none of the passengers could resist telling you that I'm the Moronic Woman and that I stopped the bus with my feet!?!
Nobody said anything!
Why . . . those ungrateful &¢%$#s! !
It don't matter, lady! Even if they HAD told me. I wouldn't believe that you stopped ANY bus with your FEET!
I would
Okay, your legs are repaired! Now . . . go back to your house! If anyone is out to get you, they will look for you here!
But what about all the tight security??!
Jammy, if someone wants to kill you bad enough, they can penetrate any kind of security by using the most ingenious disguises imaginable!
Put up your hands! You're both coming with me!!
See? What did I tell you?! We were all fooled by this excellent TV Repairman's disguise!
WHAT TV Repairman! I'm supposed to be a CLEANING LADY!!
CLEANING LADY?!? That is a TERRIBLE "Cleaning Lady" disguise!!
If this idiotic dialogue keeps up, folks, you are about to see the first ELECTRONIC THROW-UP in history!!
So you are the Moronic Woman! Now I shall see what it is like to make love to a SUPERWOMAN!
Just like that . . .?!? You must be CRAZY!!
Of course! I understand! In your country, a man must first give the lady a little gift that will appeal to her! So, here is a box of chocolate-covered transistors!
Oh . . . well . . . in that case . . .

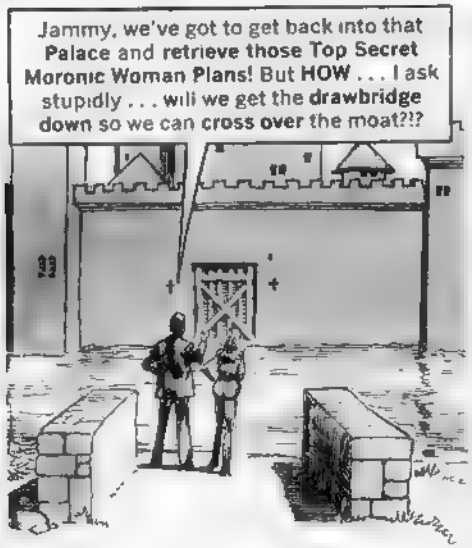
Sacre carramba!! That was the most fantastic eight hours of love-making I have ever had!!
Especially when you consider it took only SIX SECONDS!!

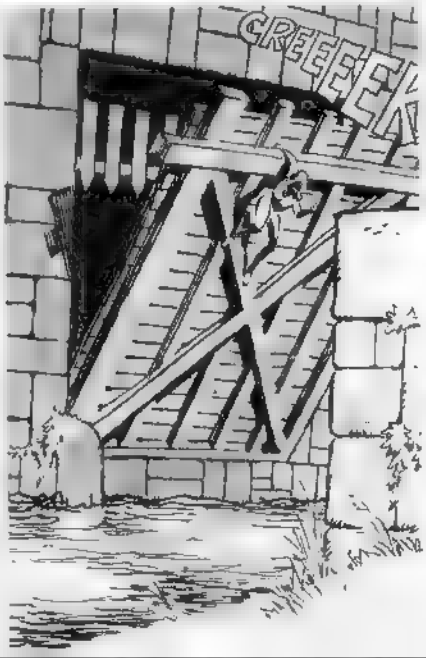
I will recover from this incident, and then I will return for more! Guard . . . what time is it . . .?
8:00 P.M., Your Highness!
Good! I will be back at exactly October! That will give me six months to recuperate! It may be pushing it a bit . . . but I'll try to make it!

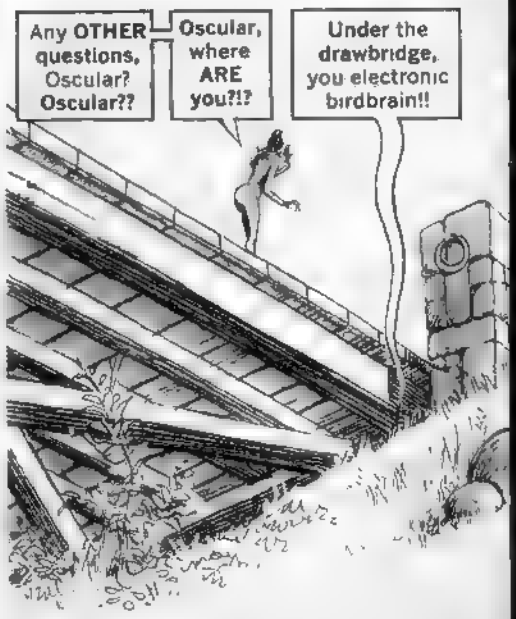

Stand back, Oscular! I'm going to crash through the cell wall! Ready, boys . . .?
What do you mean, "Ready boys . . .?"? I'm the only one here!!
I'm talking about the Music and Sound Effect boys! I can only do my "Super Moronic Things" with a full orchestra background, and those great electronic sound effects! Here goes . . .

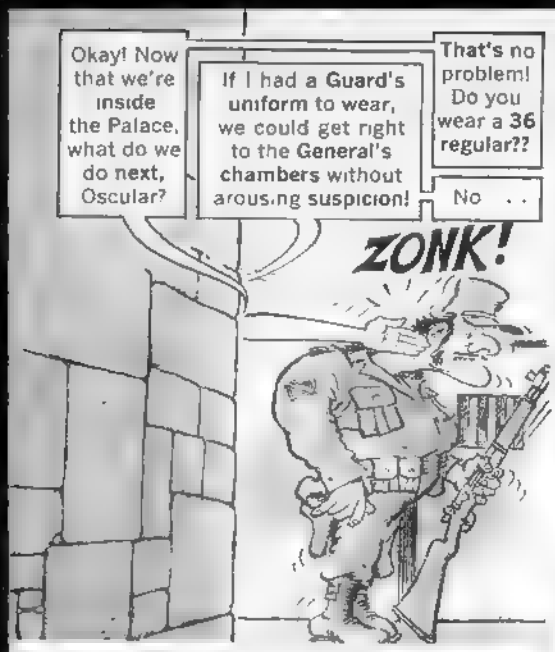
CRASH
CRAS

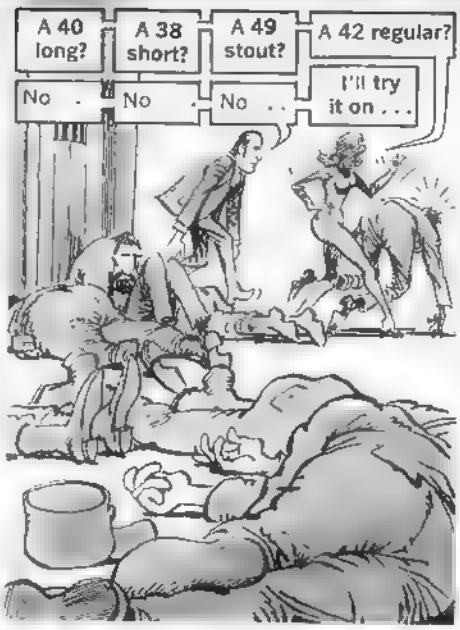

Well . . . I got us out of that damp, musty cell . . .!
Yeah! This damp, musty, alligator-infested MOAT is a lot better! Sometimes I think we gave you too much Moronic BRAWN and not enough MORONIC brain!


Jammy, we've got to get back into that Palace and retrieve those Top Secret Moronic Woman Plans! But HOW . . . I ask stupidly . . . will we get the drawbridge down so we can cross over the moat?!?


CREEEEEK


Any OTHER questions, Oscular? Oscular??
Oscular, where ARE you?!?
Under the drawbridge, you electronic birdbrain!!

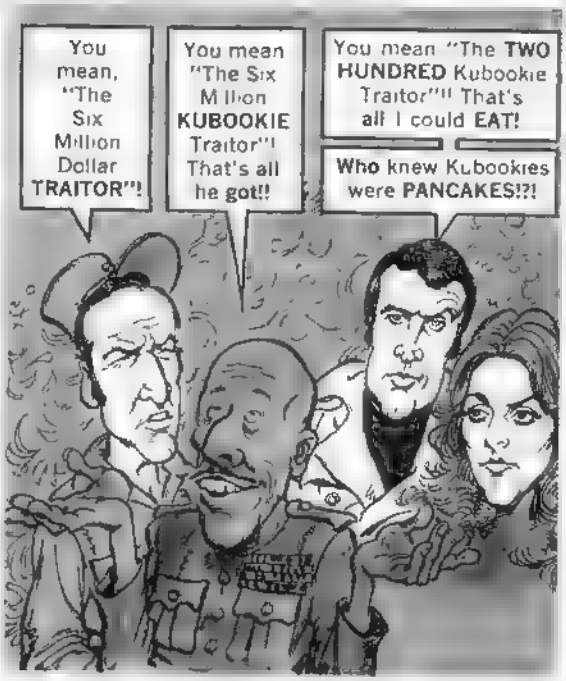

Okay! Now that we're inside the Palace, what do we do next, Oscular?
If I had a Guard's uniform to wear, we could get right to the General's chambers without arousing suspicion!
That's no problem! Do you wear a 36 regular??
No . .
ZONK!

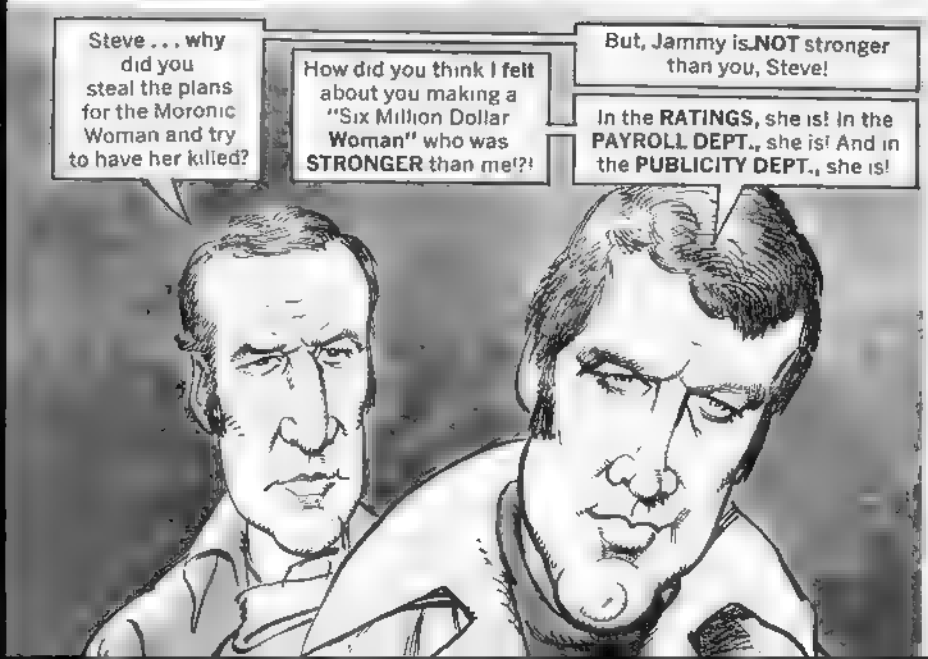

A 40 long?
No .
A 38 short?
No .
A 49 stout?
No . .
A 42 regular?
I'll try it on . . .

OFFICE OF
GENERAL
RICHARD M.
LAGUIRRA
BENEVOLENT
DICTATOR

SURPRISE!!
CRASH!

Don't anybody move!! Where's General LaGuirra?
He was just standing right behind the door, so I assume he's now part of the wallpaper!
And look at this! The kidnapper in the disguise is STEVE AWESOME! The SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN!!

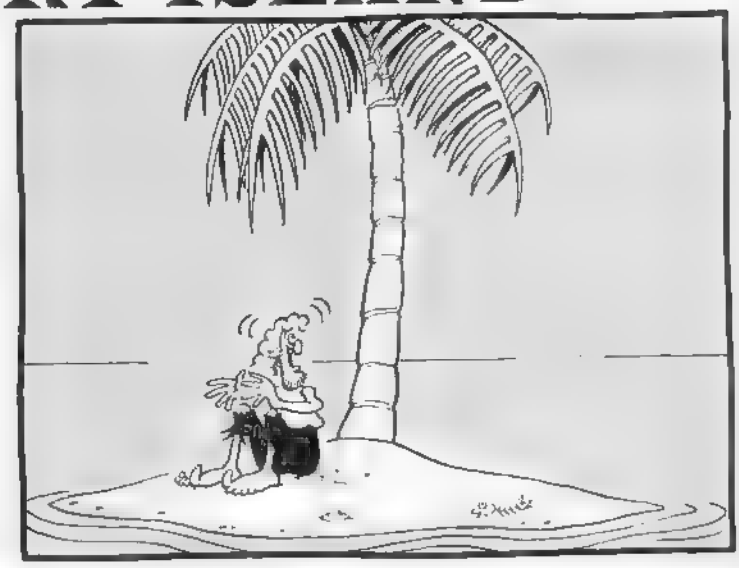

You mean, "The Six Million Dollar TRAITOR"!
You mean "The Six Million KUBOOKIE Traitor"! That's all he got!!
You mean "The TWO HUNDRED Kubookie Traitor"!! That's all I could EAT!
Who knew Kubookies were PANCAKES!?!

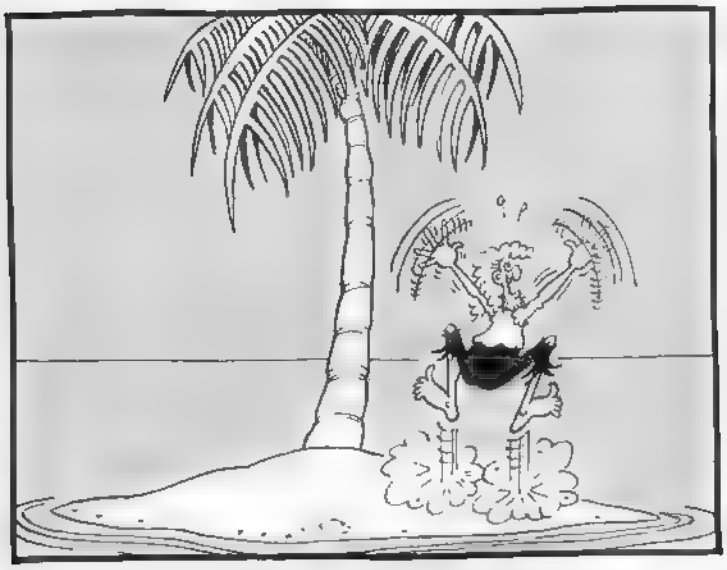

Steve . . . why did you steal the plans for the Moronic Woman and try to have her killed?
How did you think I felt about you making a "Six Million Dollar Woman" who was STRONGER than me!?!
But, Jammy is NOT stronger than you, Steve!
In the RATINGS, she is! In the PAYROLL DEPT., she is! And in the PUBLICITY DEPT., she is!

It's too bad, Steve! I had such great plans for us!
WHAT plans?
We could have been the proud parents of our own little Six Million Dollar SPIN-OFF . . . "THE MORONIC BABY"!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

EARLY ONE MORNING ON A DESERT ISLAND



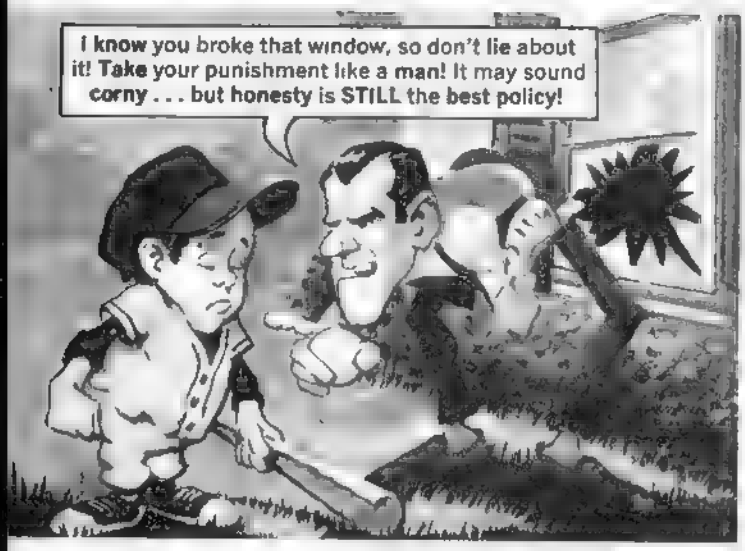


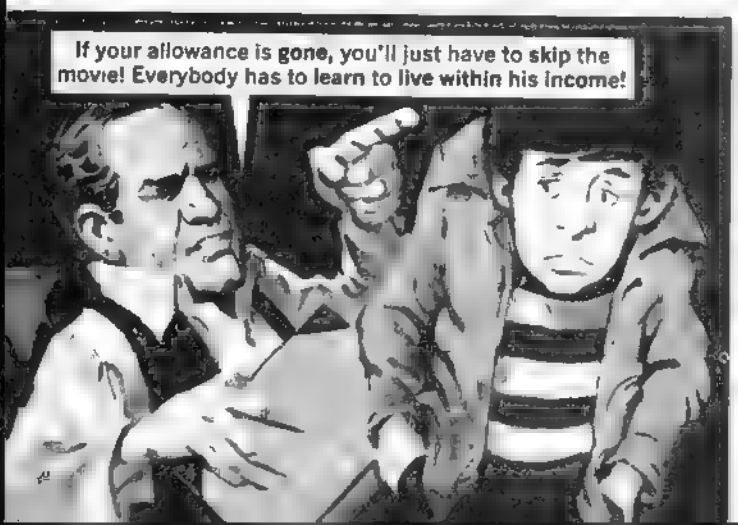
DOUBLE-STANDARD BARERS DEPT.

WE'RE SURE OUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS MEAN WELL WHEN THEY LECTURE US, BUT AFTER LISTENING

NO WONDER WE'RE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

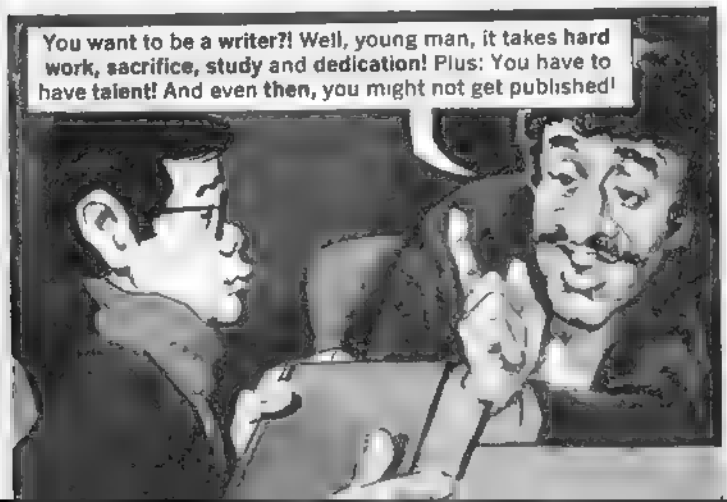




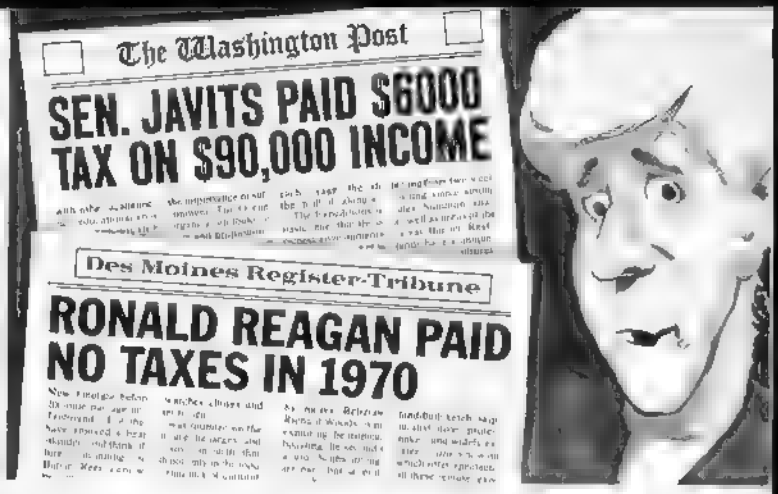
TO THEM AND THEN READING THE WAY IT REALLY IS IN THE NEWSPAPER, ALL WE CAN SAY IS . . .

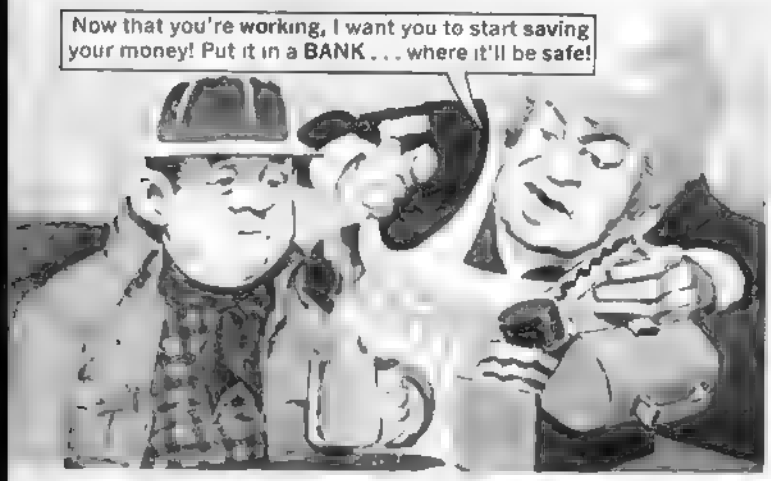
ALL SCREWED UP!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE IDEA BY: ALIS ELLIS

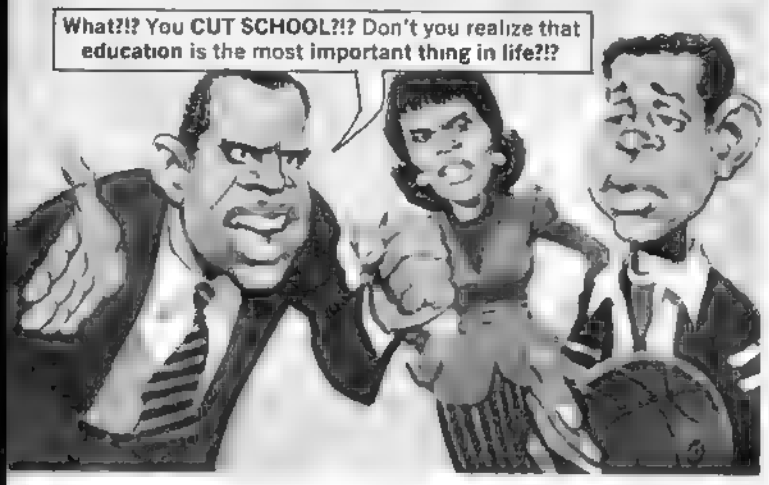


Sure, I hate to pay taxes! But that's what America is all about! Everybody pays his fair share!

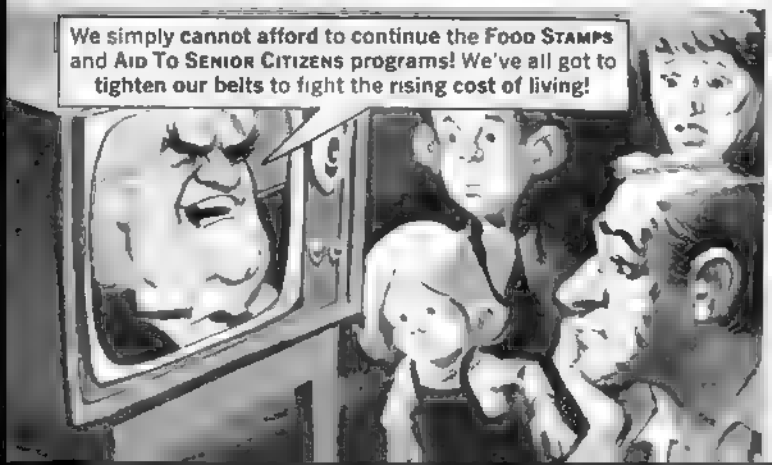

The Washington Post
SEN. JAVITS PAID $6000 TAX ON $90,000 INCOME
Des Moines Register-Tribune
RONALD REAGAN PAID NO TAXES IN 1970


Now that you're working, I want you to start saving your money! Put it in a BANK . . . where it'll be safe!

Boston Globe
FRANKLIN NATIONAL BANK OF N.Y. FAILS
Chicago Tribune
LARGEST U.S. BANKS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE
The New York Times
MANY BANKS FACE DISASTER DUE TO QUESTIONABLE LOANS


What?!? You CUT SCHOOL?!? Don't you realize that education is the most important thing in life?!?

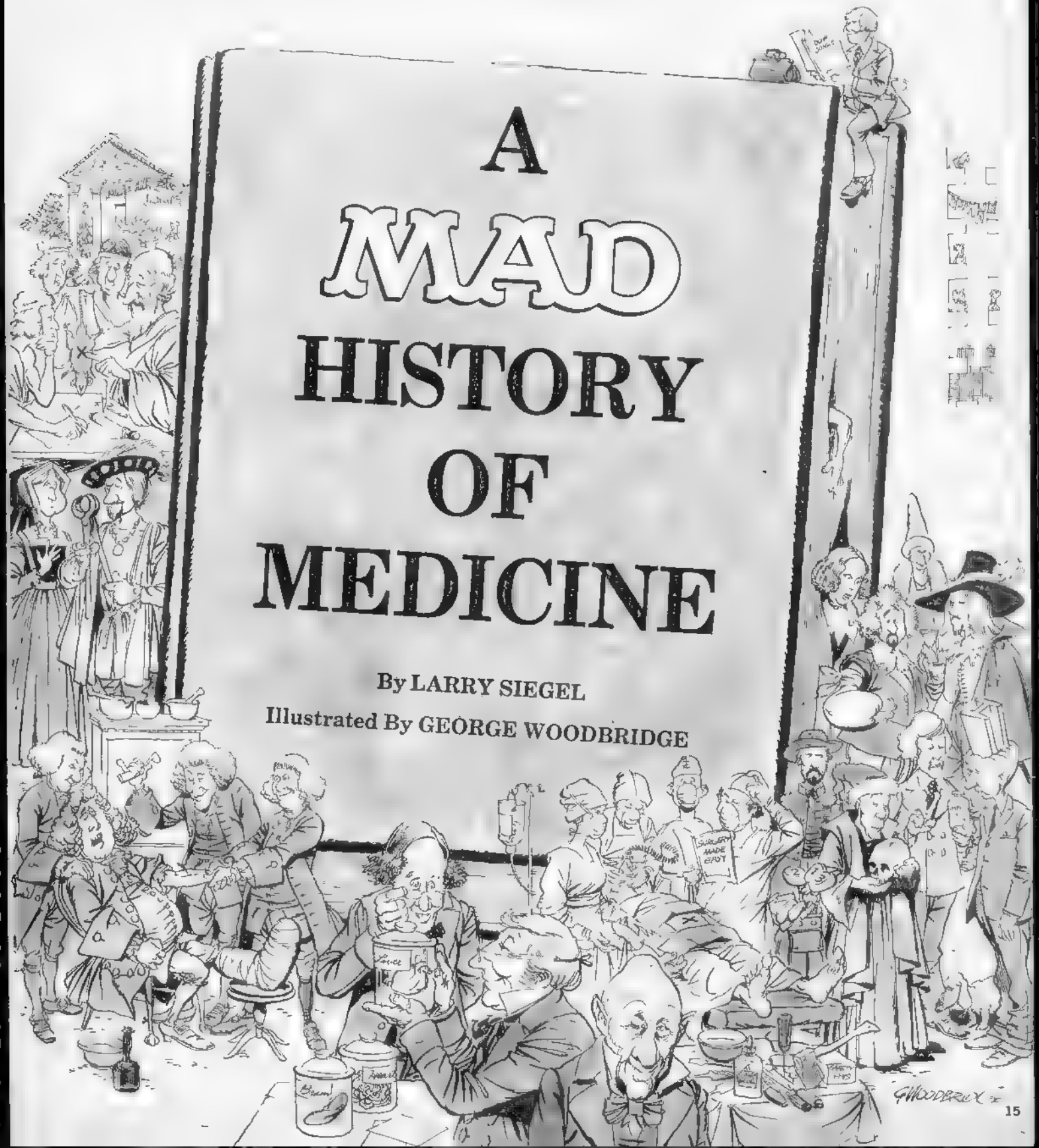
Omaha World-Herald
OVER TEN THOUSAND TEACHERS AND SCHOOL EMPLOYEES FIRED
MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE
New Budget Cuts Force City To Close Schools
DAILY NEWS
Mayor Announces All Laid-Off Sanitation Men Will Be Re-Hired


We simply cannot afford to continue the FOOD STAMPS and AID TO SENIOR CITIZENS programs! We've all got to tighten our belts to fight the rising cost of living!

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
PRESIDENT ASKS FOR MILLIONS IN MILITARY AID TO AFRICAN NATIONS BESET BY CIVIL WARS
Philadelphia Inquirer
U.S. SELLS WHEAT TO RUSSIANS
Will Increase Inflation Here

DOC-WALLOPER DEPT.

As we all know, it's only a matter of time before Hollywood comes up with "The Godfather—Part III". But before they do, we thought we'd beat them to the punch with our own story of a vicious group of men who have been bleeding mankind dry, slaughtering innocent people by the thousands, and ripping off millions and millions of dollars. It's all there—and more—in



CHAPTER 1—How Medicine Began

In prehistoric times, medicine was almost unnecessary. First of all, very few people had childhood diseases. There was a reason for this: very few people had childhoods. The average life expectancy of a caveman was 4½. Still, when you stop to consider what they did all day was grunt, live in dirt, and be chased by saber-toothed tigers, things could have been worse. Their average life expectancy could have been 5.

For another thing, life was so rotten and miserable for those cavemen who lived longer than 4½ years that they welcomed things like illness because it made them feel better. Among the preoccupations they eagerly looked forward to, to take their minds off their problems, were the thrill of an upset stomach, the excitement of bronchitis, and the joy of psoriasis.

One night, at a wild party in a neighborhood cave, as everybody was vomiting and coughing and scratching and having a whale of a time, a caveman named Xlbtts suddenly stood up and shocked everyone by saying, "Hey gang, you know something? This is no fun!" For a moment there was stunned silence. Then the cave leader, Shmuttz, said, "There's gotta be a dry blanket in every crowd!" And he proceeded to punch Xlbtts in the mouth for six hours, which almost made him miss vomiting and coughing and scratching for a while.

On the following day the still unhappy Xlbtts went to see the wisest caveman in the village, the ancient and venerable Ooock (who was almost 14), and said to him, "Oh wise and ancient one. I have an upset stomach, bronchitis, and psoriasis, and I am not happy with them! What shall I do?"

The venerable sage pontificated for a while, rubbing his ancient aened chin and stroking the aging baby fat around his neck. Then he finally spoke his now immortal words, "Take two lizards and call me in the morning!"

And so on that historic day the medical profession was born. And on the following day its first patient died. A combination, as we are about to see, which will go hand in hand through the centuries that follow.

A typical courtship scene in prehistoric times. This practice led to two common medical problems of cave people: sprained wrists and premature baldness (among women).

CHAPTER 2—Early Advances of Medicine

After the caveman days, medical science progressed slowly through the centuries until three dramatic discoveries took place in ancient Macedonia, which were to change the face of mankind.

In 341 B.C. a physician named Schnorr was experimenting with revolutionary new ingredients, and while massaging one of his patients, came up with an important discovery: the healing potentialities of herbs and plants. A short while later, his patient came up with another important discovery: neck-to-crotch poison ivy.

In 180 B.C. a doctor named Glockk, deeply moved by the heartbreaking cries of his mortally ill patient, made a desperate decision to save his life, and gave the patient a potent concoction of bitters to drink. And dramatically, in one fell swoop, Glockk created the world's first medicine . . . and also the world's first drunk. Unfortunately the patient died a few hours later. But now he couldn't care less.

Finally in 73 B.C., a physician named Sifg made a momentous scientific breakthrough when he found that, by placing leeches on the infected area of a patient, they would suck out the bad properties of the blood. (Note: for further information on blood-sucking leeches, see Chapter 27 . . . PREPARING THE 20TH CENTURY MEDICAL BILL)

CHAPTER 3—The Medicine Man

Not too many years later in early Africa, a new kind of physician came into his own. He was called a Medicine Man. The Medicine Man was a dedicated surgeon, a great healer, and a dancing fool.

We will now study some of the fascinating surgical techniques of the early Medicine Man:

THE BRAIN TUMOR SHUFFLE

Patient was placed in a supine position on the operating grass. The surgeon made four deft incisions in the grass with his toes, and then danced around the patient's head.

THE APPENDICITIS SHIMMY

Again, patient was placed on his back, and this time the surgeon danced around on his right side. In the event of sudden complications like a ruptured appendix, surgeon would usually call in three extra dancers.

THE HEMORRHOID HUSTLE

The patient was placed in a prostrate position on the operating grass, and the surgeon performed a complicated dance on the afflicted area. While this was often a very painful operation, it could be worse. (See "The Emergency Double-Hernia Stomp").

THE MAKE-OUT MAMBO

Note: This is not an operation. Dammit, even doctors have to have fun some time!

CHAPTER 4—Medicine In The Middle Ages

By the time the Middle Ages had arrived, medicine and particularly surgery had made enormous strides. While the Medicine Man still practiced his art, more sophisticated and effective methods of surgery were developed. Namely, surgical instruments. Oddly enough, however, in the 15th and 16th centuries, surgery was usually performed by Barbers.

Having Barbers perform surgery led to some confusing results at times. For example, in this instance, it was hard to tell whether the Barber was performing the world's first successful head transplant . . . or had just given the world's shortest haircut.

In 1540 King Henry VIII of Great Britain indirectly became the Father of Modern Surgery when he issued a decree that henceforth all Barbers would stick exclusively to cutting hair. And so surgery was taken out of the hands of the Barber and given to the man who still performs it to this very day the Butcher.

CHAPTER 5—Medicine In The 19th Century

Medicine continued to progress through the years. But in many cases, doctors were scarce and hard to reach, particularly among 19th century American pioneers. They were often forced to treat their own illnesses. This gave rise to some ingenious home remedies.

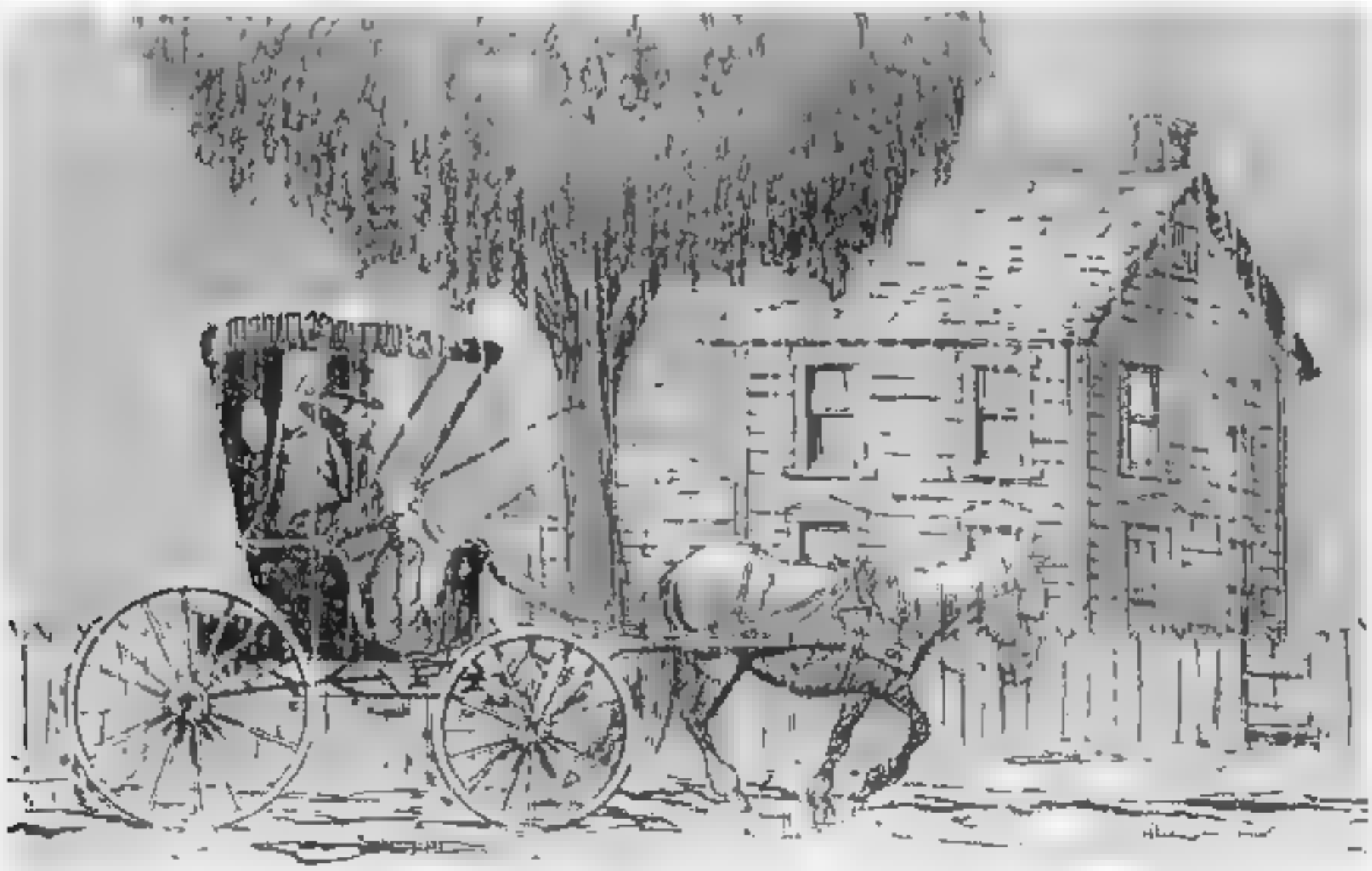
For example, to cure earaches among children, the pioneers would squeeze out the juice of tobacco leaves and pour it into the affected areas. This usually cleared up the ailment, but unfortunately a side effect often developed—namely, early nicotine addiction. And it wasn't unusual for pioneer parents to catch six year old children behind the woodsheds with cigarettes in their ears.

Other quaint household remedies used by pioneers included goose grease, mustard plaster, oil of cloves, powdered cinnamon, turpentine, and driving a wooden stake through the patient's heart. (Note: The last remedy seldom cured diseases, on the bright side, however, pioneer families were seldom bothered by vampires).

Here we see a typical pioneer woman, with her entire body covered with a repulsive mixture of mashed onions and hog's lard, a string of garlic buds around her neck, and a dirty sock tied around each wrist. Note: This woman wasn't actually sick. She just coudn't stand her husband. (See Chapter 31—Other Unusual Birth Control Devices.)

CHAPTER 6—Modern Medicine

In this century alone tremendous changes have taken place in the medical profession. The following illustrations indicate only one of many examples:



Here we see a typical Doctor of the early 1900's making a house call.

Here we see some typical doctors of today making a House call. After this they will make a Senate call. As usual, the A.M.A. will get what they want, even if it kills us!

But all in all, modern medicine has really come into its own as a great, life-saving science in the 20th century.

For instance, the refinement and perfection of the X-ray has enabled physicians to practically wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. Even more exciting things are promised for the future, as soon as medical men can find a cure for the many additional cases of cancer that occur as a result of the excessive use of X-rays to wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases.

But that's not all. The miracle drug penicillin has succeeded in saving almost as many lives as those lost by people who are violently allergic to such miracle drugs as penicillin.

And still we move triumphantly ahead with our cures. There is open heart surgery and pacemaker implants . . . not to mention the countless diseased hearts that have been replaced by healthy ones. The fantastic results of heart transplantation are widely acclaimed. And they would be trumpeted even louder if the recipients of new hearts were alive today to talk about it.

Finally, and perhaps as important as anything else, has been the great new trust and interest people now have in medical science. For instance more people than ever before are reading about the Surgeon General's edict that cigarette smoking is hazardous to our health How do we know this to be true? Because never before in our history have more cigarette packs with this message been sold.

CHAPTER 7–

In the 5th century before Christ, the Hippocratic Oath was established as a model for the behavior of the medical profession. In closing out our book, it might be interesting to look at the original Hippocratic Oath and marvel at

Now being admitted to the profession of medicine, I solemnly pledge to consecrate my life to the service of humanity.[1]

I will give respect and gratitude to my deserving teachers.[2] I will practice medicine with conscience and dignity.[3]

The health and life of my patient will be my first consideration.[4] I will hold in confidence all that my patient confides in me.[5]

I will maintain the honor and noble traditions of the medical profession.[6] My col-

1. while making tons of money and beating off pushy, marriageable broads with my stethoscope.
2. and carry on the fine tradition of keeping minority groups out of our medical schools.
3. and go on strike only when malpractice rates rise due to the rank incompetence of 75% of the members of my profession.
4. providing he can get to my office with 106 degrees temperature on a day when I'm not playing golf.
5. unless if, in a lawsuit, the other side is willing to shell out more money.
6. never padding a Medicare bill by more than $100, except for patients over 62 years of age.

the fact that except for a few minor additions in recent years (as indicated in the numbered footnotes below) physicians of today are still adhering to a noble medical code almost twenty five centuries old:

leagues will be as my brothers.[7]

I will not permit considerations of race, religion, nationality, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient.[8]

I will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of its conception.[9]

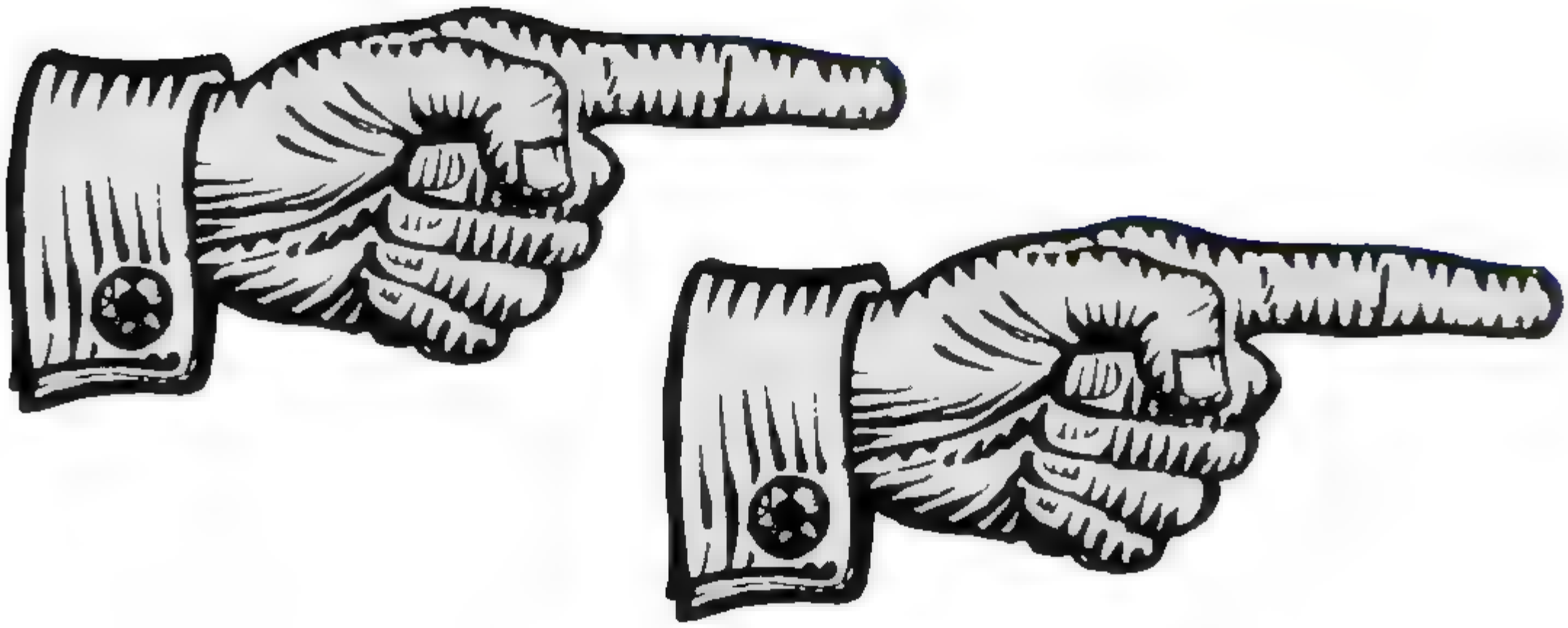
Even under threat I will not use my knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity.[10]

These promises I make freely and upon my honor.[11]

7. and if I'm ever needed to give emergency life or death advice, my answering service will always be available to them.
8. see Footnote #2.
9. and only perform neat, clean abortions.
10. realizing full well that doctoring X-ray plates for phony accident victims is very much a part of today's humanity.
11. and in closing I would like to say that as a physician I will never take myself too seriously or over-emphasize my humble position in this world—so help me, Me!

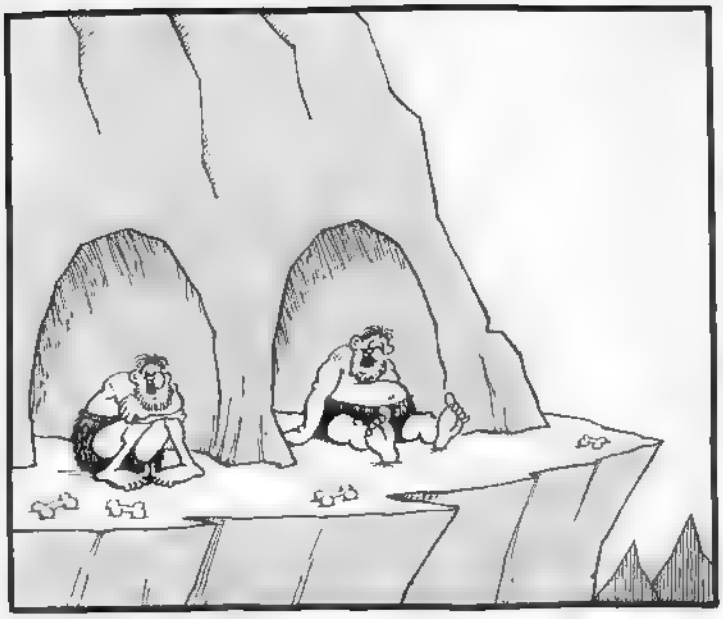
Nothing to see here!

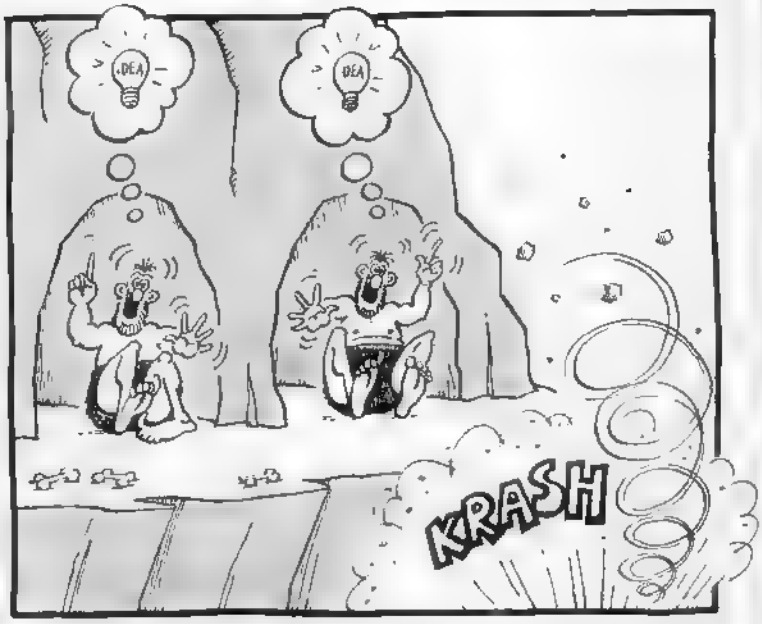
Please skip ahead.

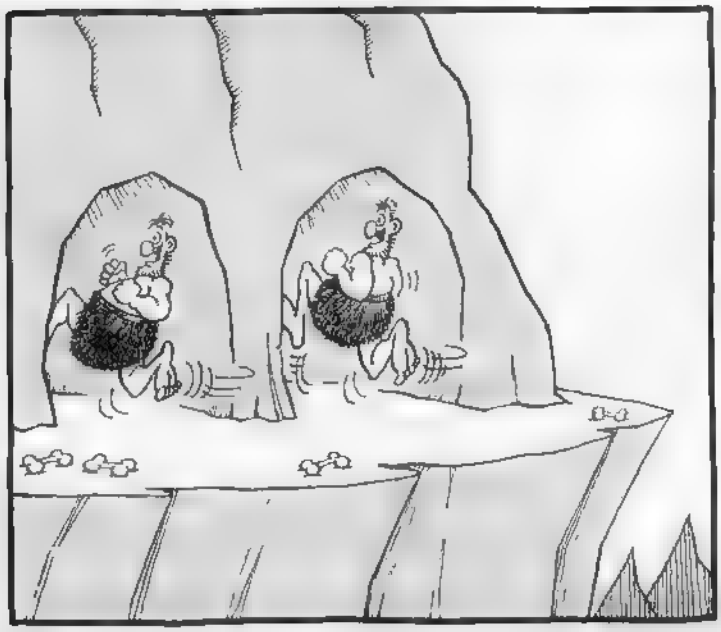


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO



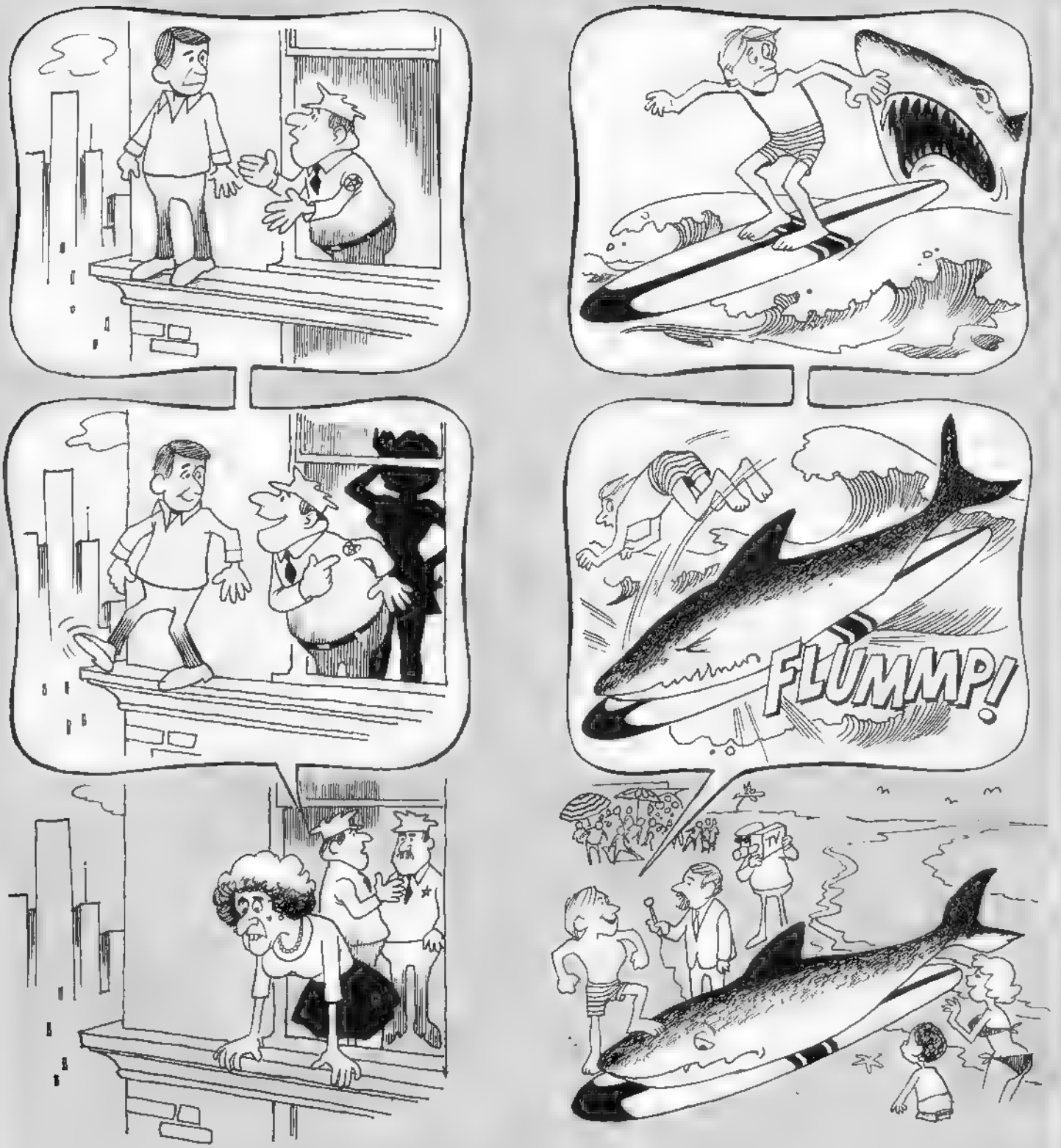




INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

WHAT'S TH

ARTIST. BOB CLARKE



E STORY...?

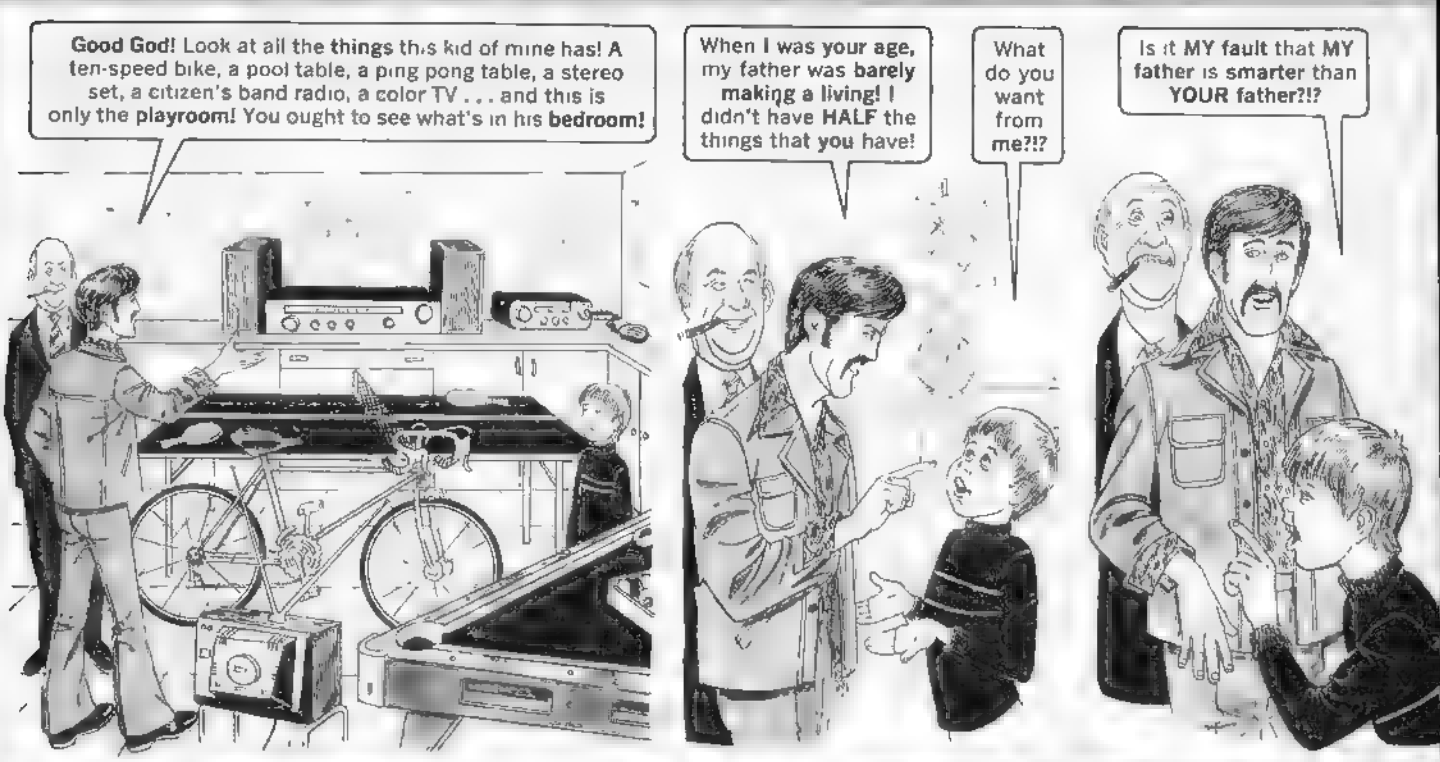
WRITER: DON EDWING

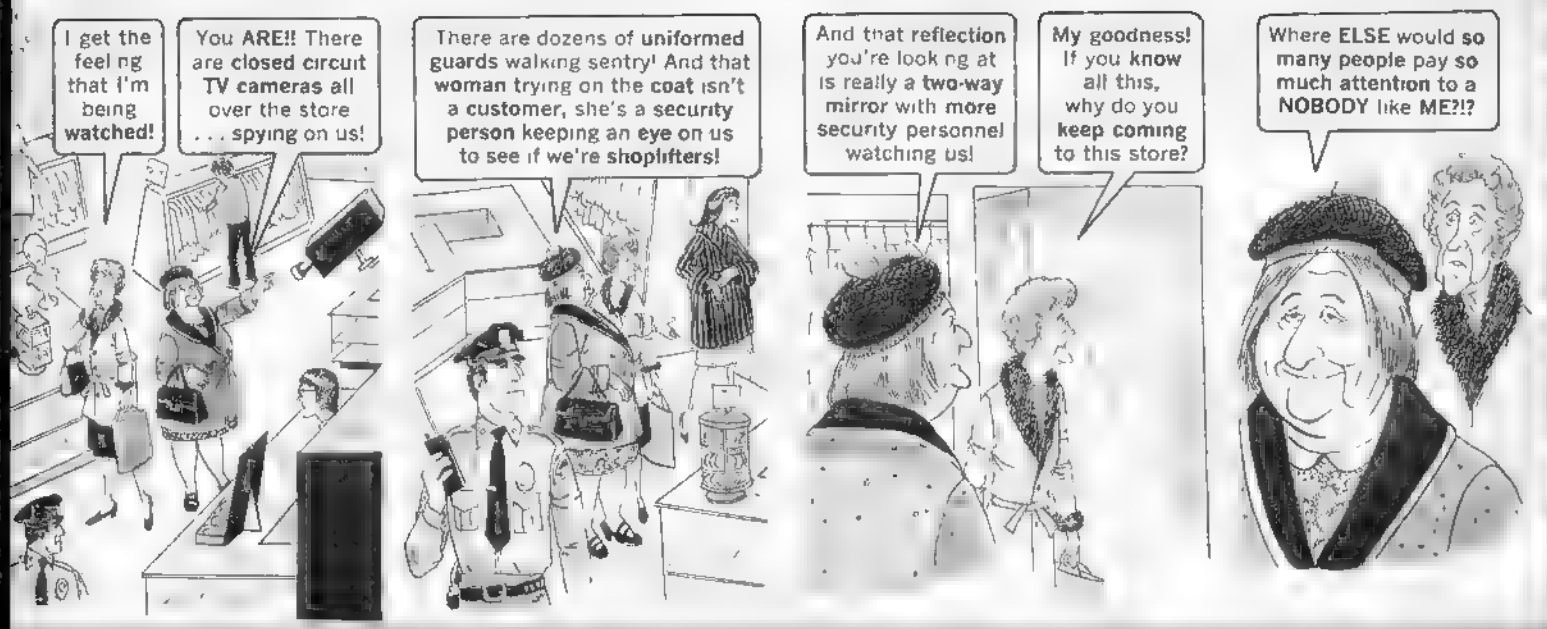
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CONS

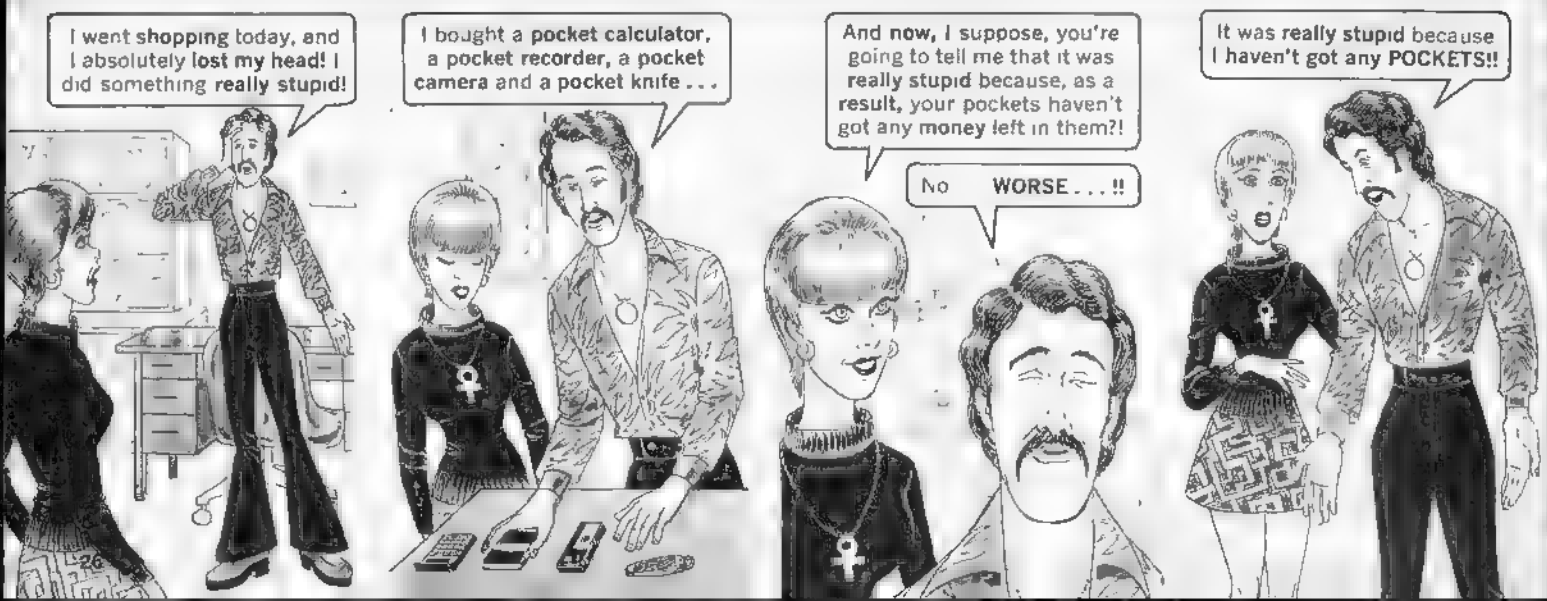
UMERS

WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG




I get the feel ng that I'm being watched!
You ARE!! There are closed circuit TV cameras all over the store . . . spying on us!
There are dozens of uniformed guards walking sentry! And that woman trying on the coat isn't a customer, she's a security person keeping an eye on us to see if we're shoplifters!
And that reflection you're look ng at is really a two-way mirror with more security personnel watching us!
My goodness! If you know all this, why do you keep coming to this store?
Where ELSE would so many people pay so much attention to a NOBODY like ME?!?

Here you are . . . out of a job, living on Unemployment Insurance, and what do you do with the little money we have?!? You indulge yourself in your various expensive hobbies! You gotta be nuts!!
WRRZZ
Not so nuts!! Statistics show that people who are involved in hobbies tend not to go crazy!!
Yes . . . but they sure drive everybody ELSE in the family crazy!!


I went shopping today, and I absolutely lost my head! I did something really stupid!
I bought a pocket calculator, a pocket recorder, a pocket camera and a pocket knife . . .
And now, I suppose, you're going to tell me that it was really stupid because, as a result, your pockets haven't got any money left in them?!
No WORSE . . . !!
It was really stupid because I haven't got any POCKETS!!

Do you believe it?! That movie is rated "PG"!
Yeah! It should be rated "R"!
Yecch! I'm sick to my stomach!
I'm feeling a little queasy, too!
That CANDY COUNTER should be rated "X"!!
Aw, gee . . . your toy broke!!
Y'know, for six months, I saved to buy that toy! I wanted it so badly, that's all I could think about! Finally, yesterday morning, I bought it! And now, it breaks into a billion pieces!
You only had it ONE DAY?! If I were you, I'd make such a fuss, the manufacturer would be forced to give you another one!
Nahhh! I don't think I'll bother!
As of last night, I was already sick of it!!
I've got something to say . . . and I can't hear myself talk!! Would you mind shutting off the TV, the stereo, the vacuum cleaner, the air conditioner, the mix master and the drill?!
Okay, everything's shut off! Now, what have you got to say?
What I want to know is—
WHY IS THE ELECTRIC BILL SO DAMNED HIGH?!
ROGER KAPUTNIK

Stop by the Supermarket on the way home . . .
Oh, NO!! You know how I hate shopping!
You can wait in the car! It won't take long! I just need to get ONE ITEM!!
FIVE BAGS?!? I thought you said you only needed to get ONE ITEM . . . ?!?
I did . . .
FOOD!!
Do you remember when every counter had its own cash register?!?
I remember! Now they have one central cashier, and we all have to stand on long lines! It's a bloody nuisance!
Sale
Y'know something! The longer I wait on line, the more I HATE this dress!
So take it back!
WHAT?! AND LOSE MY PLACE IN LINE?!?
This suit is YOU!
The heck it is! That suit is SOMEONE ELSE! Some dumb cluck who hasn't got anyone to watch over him!
But, Madam! This suit is a REAL BARGAIN! The price has been slashed from $79 to $59!
That's because it was over-priced in the first place!
Is that your wife?
Sort of . . !
Actually, she's more my personal CONSUMER PROTECTION AGENCY!
David Berg

CORN ON THE CARD DEPT.

If you think printed Christmas Cards are bad, there's something even worse: A machine-made, mass produced digest of all the thrilling events that took place in the family over the year. And we mean ALL...sparing nothing! In case you are one of the fortunate few who has never received one, here's an example of

A TYPICAL YEAR-END FAMILY GREETING LETTER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

THE CULPEPPER 1976 FAMILY LOG

Hi there, friends and relatives out there in America-land. Time once again to fill you in on all the exciting things that have happened to the Culpepper Clan here in good old Pumpalump, Idaho, in Bicentennial '76.

In January all of us Culpeppers were pleased as punch and proud as all git-out when Spangler was made third assistant sales manager of Klunk's Storm Door Company. Beaming wife Hattie attended the awesome promotion ceremony on the parking lot in back of Fliegel's Hardware Store. And if she must say so herself, she was the talk of the town in her scrumptious muumuu and her rhinestone curlers. It was the winter social event of Pumpalump.

My, how time flies. Remember little Rifke? You'd never recognize her now. She got her face caught in the garbage disposal on New Year's Eve. But it's healing nicely. As for the irrepressible twins, Beowulf and Grendel, they're just full of the old get up and go. Which is probably why they got up and went. But they came back in June.

In February it was just one fantastic thing after another. But the high point of the month, which people are still talking about, was when we changed supermarkets. Switching from the A&P on Lummox Street to the Safeway on Pivnick Drive. We want to thank all our friends for your many letters of encouragement on our big move. The Spring as usual was travel time for ye olde Culpeppers and this year we went on just about the most fantastic trip of our lives. Words can't describe the breath-taking scenery, the eye-popping sights, and the incredible picture-postcard-beauty of a fabled vacationer's paradise. We only wish everybody could visit downtown Boise some time in their lives (particularly in the moonlight, when the streets are being washed). The next time you pass through Pumpalump, you must drop in and see our 9,000 slides of Boise (the one with the sun setting over Throckmottle's Fish Market is worth the stop alone).

The Summer was rather a mixed bag for us. The bad news first. In July Spangler's Mom, Dad, sister, brother, and their families were wiped out in a fire at the bowling alley. On the good side, however, in August our Plymouth Duster hit the 50,000 mile mark on the odometer. It was the biggest and most thrilling event of the year in Pumpalump. We threw a party in honor of the occasion, and everyone came dressed as their favorite mechanic. You must drop in and see our 8,000 slides of the party.

The high spot of the Fall was Spangler's hemorrhoidectomy in November. Thank you for all your nice cards, flowers, and best wishes. The next time you're in Pumpalump, you must drop in and see the 7,500 slides of the operation (Golly, taking slides is like eating peanuts. Once you start...ha ha ha).

All the best to you and yours for 1977.

Spangler, Hattie, Rifke, Beowulf, and Grendel

Which brings us to the premise of this article: How come, for the most part, only typical Middle-American families

YEAR-END FAMILY GREE

From A Mafiosa Family:

THE 1976 CALAVERRI FAMILY MOUTHPIECE

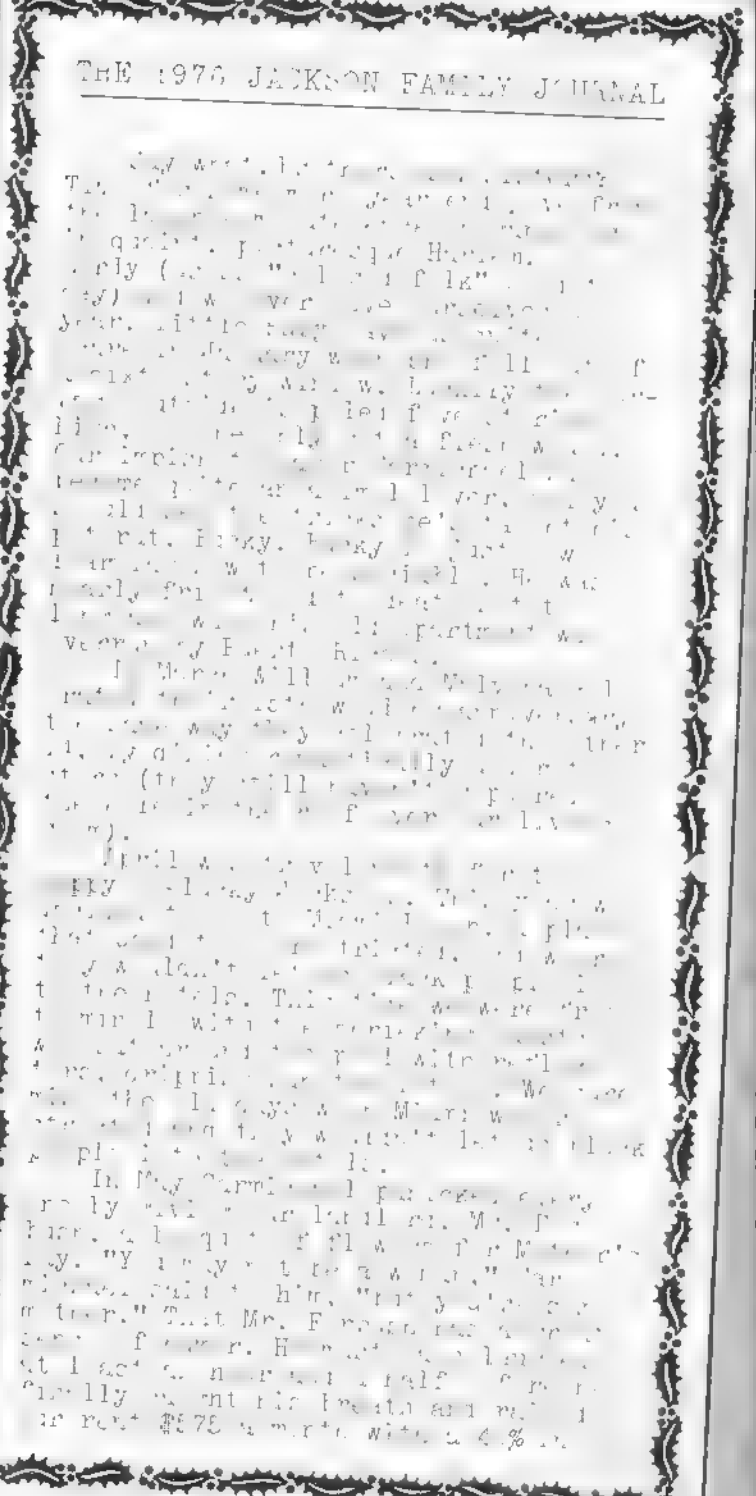
Greetings from Our Thing to Your Thing. It's been a fantastic year for Capo Don Calaverri and his soldiers. The Family diaper and juke box businesses are booming, our hookers are doing better than ever (Tessie VaBoom gave us quite a scare for a while when she got the flu in February; but thank God she recovered and is off her feet and on her back again); and in April the Don bought eight record companies, 19 poppy fields in Istanbul, and the Secretary of the Treasury.

There wasn't a dry eye in the house last May when Angie "The Father" Casanova celebrated his 25th anniversary as Family spiritual leader and hit man, and in honor of the occasion the Don stole him a gold watch.

Everybody is still talking about the great Family Reunion we had with Don Scungilli and his soldiers in Bayonne last July. First we watched home movies—"The Godfather" Parts I and II (for us that's home movies). It was a very hot afternoon, so we air-conditioned the apartment. Later in the evening we air-conditioned Don Scungilli. (Will the fun and good times never stop?)

September was vacation time again for the lovable, nutty Calaverri Clan, and eight of us piled into the car and took a trip to the lake. We had a fabulous time, and then seven of us piled into the car for the trip back. You should have seen Skoonj "The Stoolie" Abbadondo trying to travel on cement water skis. It was so funny that

From A Harlem Family:



THE 1976 JACKSON FAMILY JOURNAL

send out these letters? Why don't other kinds of people and families send them too? F'rinstance, here are some

TING LETTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

From A Beverly Hills Show Business Family:

THE 1976 MENCKE FAMILY NEWS

Greetings once again from Rick and Rosalynne Mencke and the five kids and Rick's four kids from his second wife, Bernyce... and Rosalynne's six kids from her first husband, Otto... and Rick's three kids from Rusty, the cashier at the Brown derby, or was it Mitzi, the meter maid from Pocoima? (Having kids is liking eating peanuts. Once you start... ha ha ha,

All in all it's been a fabulous year. In a way Rick was glad his TV series was cancelled in January before the first commercial. It gave him more time to devote to what he seriously enjoys doing most of all --punching his agent, Bernie, in the mouth

Spring was party time as usual in Beverly Hills and we went to one super bash after another with showbiz greats Steve and Eydie, Barbra and Jon, Cher and Greg, Arnie and Sue, and Donny and Marie (and their dentist). We were all shocked to learn of the death of beloved actor Sam Bimboe in July. We went to the very tasteful funeral, along with Steve and Eydie, Barbra and Jon, Cher and Greg, Arnie and Sue, and Donny and Marie (and their dentist). We played six very tasteful games of charades at the grave and left.

If we do say so ourselves, the Bar Mitzvah of our son Josh was the social event of the Fall. We rented the Grand Canyon for the occasion, decorating it in tasteful pastel crepe paper and had all the guests come tastefully dressed as c.u. gold prospectors wearing tasteful ten gallon yarmulkas. A fervent, religious cheer went up in the canyon when the rabbi tastefully entered from a rope ladder extending from the Goodyear blimp. We and our Bar Mitzvah boy Josh couldn't have enjoyed it more, even if we were Jewish. In October we went to a fabulous party at

From A Career Army Officer's Family:

THE 1976 FRISBE FAMILY BUGLE

At ease out there, you %$#"*& civilians! You're going to accept warm, heartfelt year-end holiday greetings from Maj. George Frisbe and his family even if we have to ram them down your %$#"*& throats!

Let's face it, 1976 was a $#"&%$* rotten year! Remember how at the end of '75 when everyone was talking about peace on earth and good will towards men. Well Goddam it, that's what we had in this $#"&%$* country: $&#@& peace! All $#"&%$* year! It's enough to make you sick!

The Spring was vacation time for the Frisbes, and to help the Major get over his depression brought on by unrestricted peace, Frieda and the kids took him to the Far East. We visited Shinto temples in Japan, walked the colorful streets of Hong Kong, and dropped a few bombs on Cambodia (but somehow it just wasn't the same).

In June George and Frieda shocked their friends by getting a divorce. Although Frieda wanted the marriage to continue, George pointed out to the judge that things between them had reached the impossible stage. Not once in 20 years of marriage had Frieda taken a drop of booze. Who ever heard of a sober army wife? She had made George the laughing stock of the armed forces. The shocked judge told Frieda she didn't have a leg to stand on. Then showing his sense of humor, the judge told George, who had quite a few drinks before coming to court, that he wasn't standing too well himself.

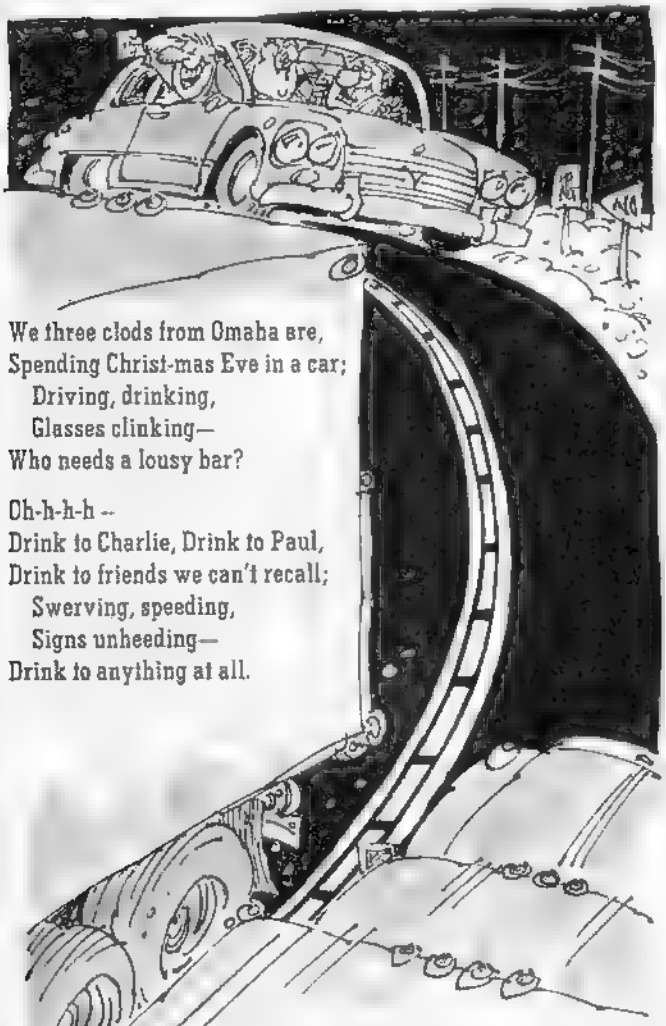
In July George announced plans to remarry in 1977, unless World War III starts--God willing. In August George

SEASON'S BLEATINGS DEPT.

Mad's Christma

We Three Clods From Omaha Are

(Sung to the tune of *"We Three Kings From Orient Are"*)



We three clods from Omaha are,
Spending Christ-mas Eve in a car;
Driving, drinking,
Glasses clinking—
Who needs a lousy bar?

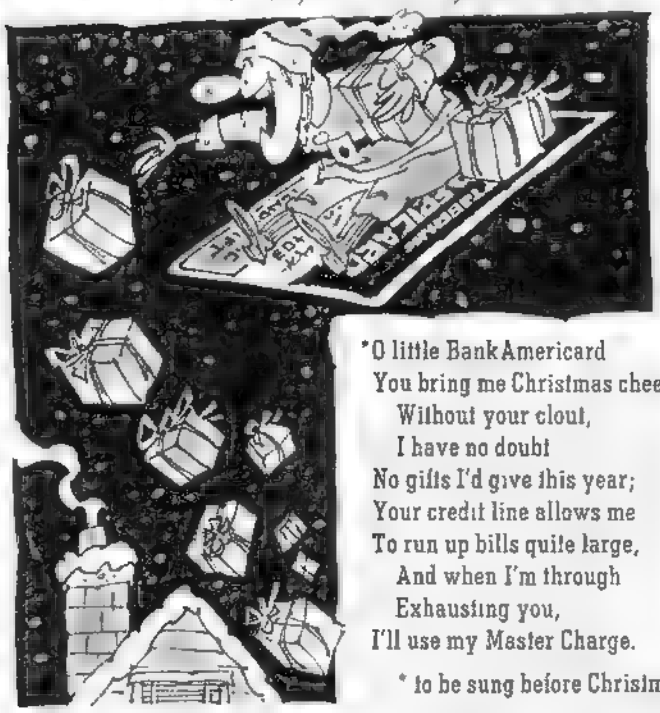
Oh-h-h-h –
Drink to Charlie, Drink to Paul,
Drink to friends we can't recall;
Swerving, speeding,
Signs unheeding—
Drink to anything at all.

We three clods are feeling no pain,
Drunk as skunks with booze on the brain;
Senses losing,
Till we're cruising
Into a wrong-way lane.

Oh-h-h-h –
Drink to Melvin, drink to Fred,
Drink to those two trucks ahead;
Headlights flashing,
Screeching, crashing—
Drink till they pronounce us dead.

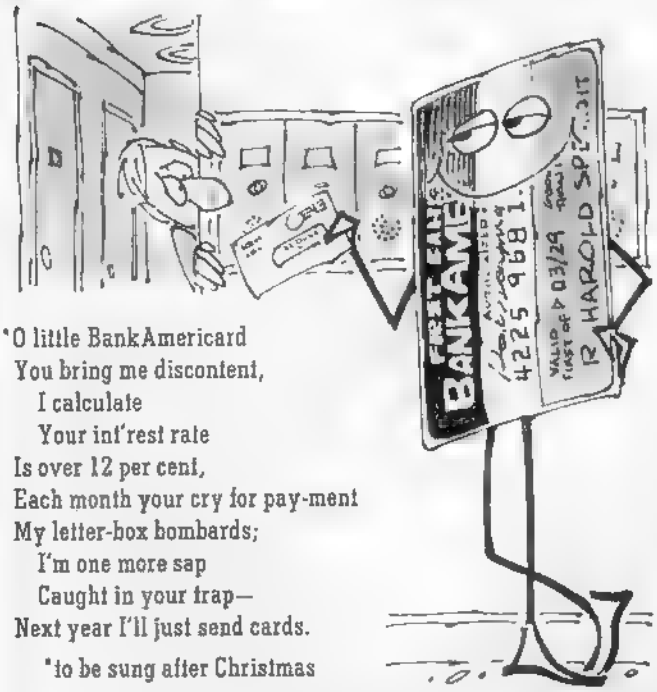
O Little BankAmericard

(Sung to the tune of *"O Little Town of Bethlehem"*)



*O little BankAmericard
You bring me Christmas cheer;
Without your clout,
I have no doubt
No gifts I'd give this year;
Your credit line allows me
To run up bills quite large,
And when I'm through
Exhausting you,
I'll use my Master Charge.

* to be sung before Christmas



*O little BankAmericard
You bring me discontent,
I calculate
Your int'rest rate
Is over 12 per cent,
Each month your cry for pay-ment
My letter-box bombards;
I'm one more sap
Caught in your trap—
Next year I'll just send cards.

*to be sung after Christmas

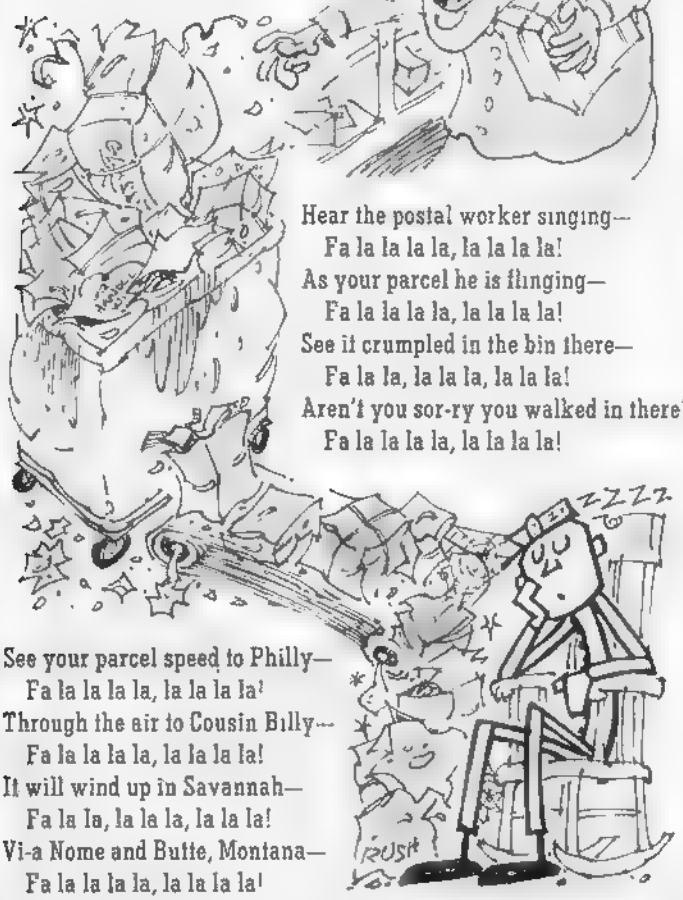
5 Carols FOR THE 1976 HOLIDAY SEASON

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wrap Your Gift

(Sung to the tune of *"Deck The Halls"*)

Wrap your gift with fingers agile-
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Seal it up and mark it "Fragile"—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
There's no reason to feel nervous-
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
You can trust the Postal Service
Fa la la la la, la la la la!



Hear the postal worker singing—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
As your parcel he is flinging—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
See it crumpled in the bin there—
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Aren't you sor-ry you walked in there?
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

See your parcel speed to Philly—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Through the air to Cousin Billy—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
It will wind up in Savannah—
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Vi-a Nome and Butte, Montana—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Sam and Roz Are Coming To Town

(Sung to the tune of
"Santa Claus is Coming To Town")

You better give up
On Christmas this year—
You haven't a chance
With relatives here—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

They're bringing their kids
To add to your fun—
They're staying ten days;
You thought it was one—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

They'll monopolize your bathroom;
They'll destroy your sol-i-tude;
They will eat you out of house and home,
Then complain a-bout the food.

There's only one way
To save your No-el—
You give 'em your house;
You take a hotel—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

God Rest Ye Poor Small Businessmen

(Sung to the tune of
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

God rest ye poor small businessmen
Who've managed to survive;
Be glad in this e-con-o-my
That you are still alive;
Give shouts of praise at Christmas time
When folks who buy appear;
There's a chance . . . you'll break even for the year
For the whole year—
There's a chance that you'll break even for the year.

The chain-stores and con-glom-er-ates
Have brought you to your knees;
High taxes, rent and labor costs
Have caught you in a squeeze;
The cost of goods keeps going up—
Inflation's running on—
So give thanks . . . you can buy cheap from Taiwan—
Good old Taiwan—
So give thanks that you can buy cheap from Taiwan.

It Hangs Down From Our Chandelier

(Sung to the tune of
"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear")

It hangs down fro-m our chandelier—
We have no idea what it does;
Its shape is weird and it drips with goo
And lets off a high-sounding buzz;
It grows a couple of feet each day
And wiggles with kind of a twitch;
We keep it 'cause it's a pres-ent from
A visiting uncle who's rich.

Out There On The Sidewalk

(Sung to the tune of
"Away In A Manger")

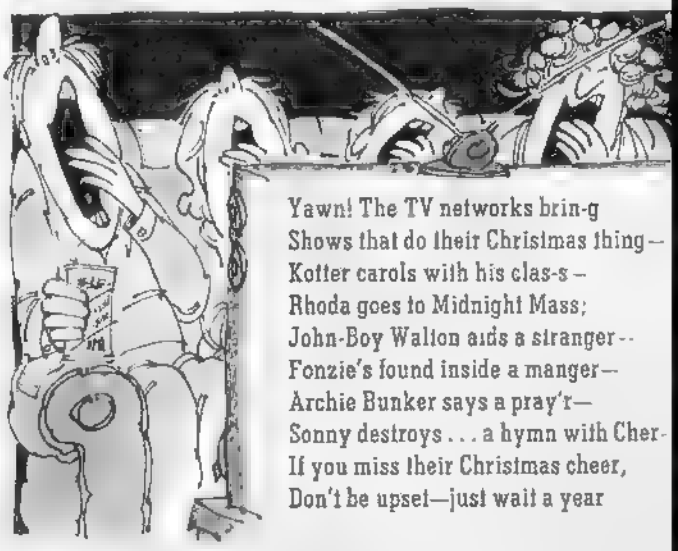
Out there on the sidewalk a Santa Claus stands
Beside a fake chimney, a bell in his hands;
A second one's smoking a smelly cigar;
A third one is picking his teeth in a bar;

A fourth Santa's trying to pick up a blonde;
A fifth one is drunk in the gutter beyond;
A sixth one is part of a window display;
The seventh and eighth ones appear to be gay

They're fat and they're skinny; they're short and they're tall;
And none looks a bit like the real one at all,
With so many Santas, it's tough to keep score—
Small wonder that kids don't believe any-more.

Yawn! The TV Networks Bring

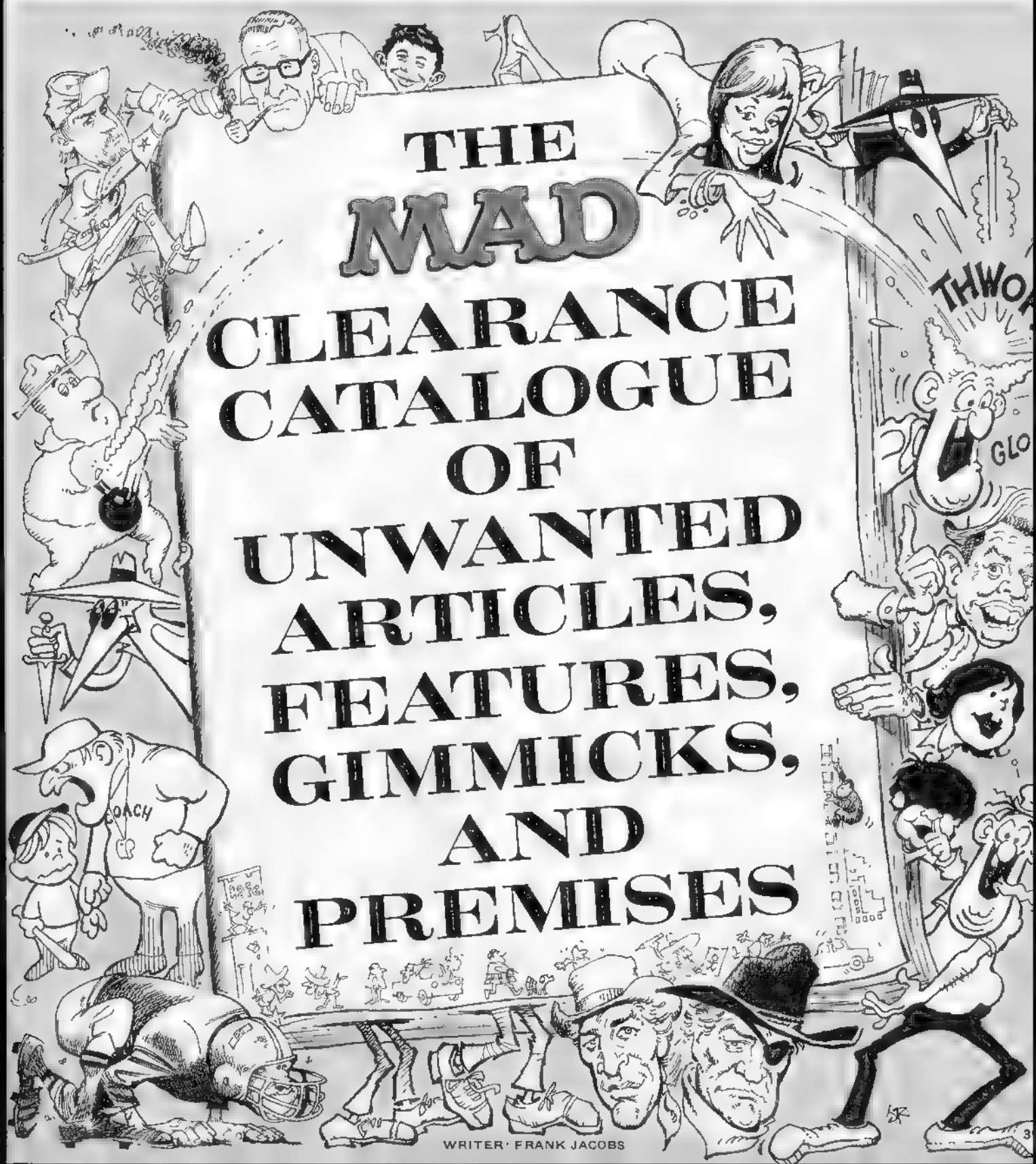
(Sung to the tune of
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing")



Yawn! The TV networks brin-g
Shows that do their Christmas thing—
Kotter carols with his clas-s—
Rhoda goes to Midnight Mass;
John-Boy Walton aids a stranger—
Fonzie's found inside a manger—
Archie Bunker says a pray'r—
Sonny destroys . . . a hymn with Cher—
If you miss their Christmas cheer,
Don't be upset—just wait a year

PUBLISHER'S OVER-SCHLOCK DEPT.

Whenever a department store has a lot of unwanted merchandise cluttering up the place, it holds a clearance sale. Well, we here at MAD have the same problem. During our more than twenty years of publication, we've accumulated a mess of artwork, scripts, old type, premises, etc., that we've got no use for. If we had any smarts at all, we'd offer them to the public as bargains. In other words, we'd throw them all together in

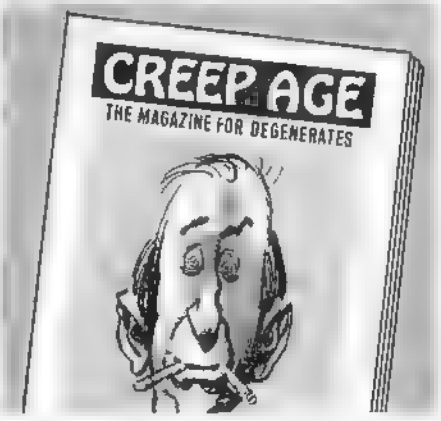


WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

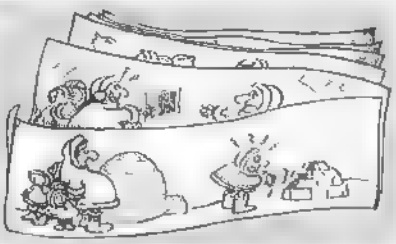
MOVIE & TV TAKE-OFFS. We pride ourselves on satirizing the "big" shows, but we must have been delirious to order movie take-offs of bombs like "Gable and Lombard" ("Garble and Dumbard") and "Krakatoa, East of Java" ("Tapioca, Ecch with Lava") and TV spoofs of "The Dumplings" (The Dumdums"), "Barefoot in the Park" ("Barefoot in the Yecch") and "Invisible Man" ("Divisible Ham"). Each **$9.95.** Take them all—please!

NEAR MISSES. We at MAD are proud of our sense of timing, our keeping on top of the news, our uncanny shrewdness at anticipating future events. Yessir, we're infallible, except when we blow it by ordering articles that become unrunnable right after we order them. Among them: "When NBC Makes Full Use of Barbara Walters," "A MAD Interview With Howard Hughes," "A Look at President Udall's Wallet." Others, just as ill-timed. Each—for only **$10.95.**

COMIC STRIP SATIRES. They seemed like good ideas at the time, but now. . . ? Among the many in our "Can't Use" file are "If Comic Strip Characters Were On Death Row," "When The Gay Liberation Movement Spreads To The Comics" and something we've held for 12 years involving Mary Worth and strip-mining. Best offer takes. Minimum bid **$4.50** per article. Sorry, no phone orders.

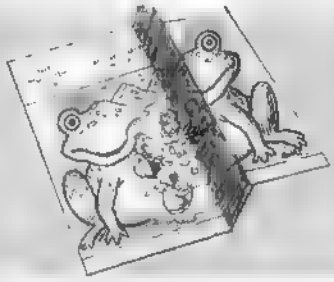


MAGAZINES. MAD loves to create magazines that are funny, satirical and entertaining. Here are some that weren't. Among them: "BURP—The Magazine for Gluttons"; "OAF MONTHLY—The Magazine for the Clumsy"; "LITTLE PEOPLE—The Magazine for Grown-Ups Under Five Feet"; "CREEP AGE—The Magazine for Degenerates." Includes layouts, art, type. Just **$16.50** each. Cash only, please.



MARGINALS. MAD's illustrator of this running feature, Sergio Aragonés, rarely misses, but in 1968 he mailed in a batch of 39 "Marginals," all dealing with Eskimo family planning. We still don't know his reason, but after eight years of trying to find an excuse for running them, we've given up and now offer them at **$4.50 per gag, 3** for **$11.75, 10** for **$27.50,** the **entire lot** for **$67.95.**

PRIMERS. See this blurb. See us trying to unload 17 MAD primers that didn't make it. See yourself sending us **$7.95** for "The MAD Crop Rotation Primer" or "The MAD Primer on Diabetes and Other Diseases of the Digestive System" or "The MAD Frisbee Primer." See us banking the money **fast** before you discover what you got, retch, and demand your payment back.



FOLD-INS. Even Al Jaffee goofs as evidenced by these Fold-Ins that didn't make it. We've 26 gathering dust, one of which depicts a picnic scene which unaccountably folds into a frog, another of an air view of Nutley, New Jersey, which unexplainably folds into a profile of Jaffee's brother, and others—just as mind-boggling.
$6.95 each . . . . . **3** for **$15.**

BEHIND THE SCENES AT . . . you name it, we've tried it—and muffed it. We don't know **WHY** we commissioned "Behind the Scenes at an ICBM Launch Site," or "Behind the Scenes at a Trailer Court in Ogden, Utah," or "Behind the Scenes at the National Plowing Contest," but our stupidity is your opportunity. These and dozens more only **$3.95** each. Take 'em all **(34)** for **$99.50.**

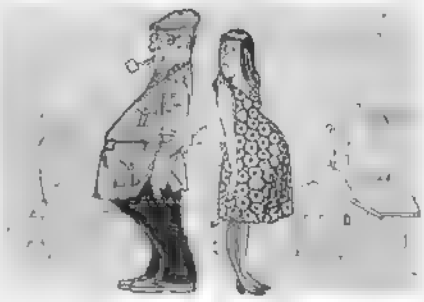
BICENTENNIAL IDEAS. During the past 18 months or so, our writers submitted 53 unsalvageable scripts for Bicentennial satires, each one worse than the next. Among them: "If Benjamin Franklin Had Been a Mafia Don"; "Behind The Scenes at Nathan Hale's Hanging"; "If Patrick Henry Announced Monday Night Football." Others equally horrendous. Yours at **$15.75** each. All sales final, irrevocable, and unexchangeable.

XMAS SONG PARODIES. Why did we order this article? Heaven knows, but we're relieved to unload it at $2.95 a ditty. Available are "We Three Clods From Omaha Are" (to the tune of "We Three Kings From Trinit Are"); "It Hangs Down From Our Chandelier" ("Twas Upon A Midnight Clear"); "O Come All Ye Woeful"—and seven more, equally idiotic and unsingable. All 10 only **$15.50**

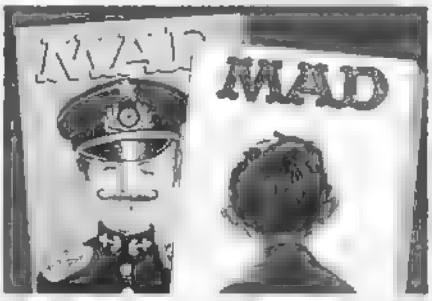
OFFER WITHDRAWN

DON MARTIN SOUND EFFECTS. Several hundred expressions, set in type for Don Martin articles, but never used. We note 37 THLUPs, 24 FWAPs, a dozen or so THOOMPs and SPROINGs, plus the usual BREEP-BREEPs, FWADDAPPs, KA-BOOMs, FWISKs and SKLISHKs, and an occasional SKLOOSH, FLA-BADAP and a FOONGA-FOONGA. The entire lot only **$21.50.** Order now and receive **FREE 3** FONEBONEs.

DAVE BERG'S "LIGHTER SIDES." Only a few left of these 5-pagers, which, though unprintable in MAD, will make wonderful decorations for your den. Still available are "The Lighter Side of Toilet-Training," "The Lighter Side of Terminal Illness," "The Lighter Side of Unwed Motherhood." Others available on request. Shipped in a plain brown wrapper . . . . . **$7.75** each.



CURSE WORDS. Now you can own a **X!#$%!#!** of your very own—just like the ones you see in MAD. Guaranteed authentic, most of them were left over from type we had set for our satires of "Patton," "The Godfather" and "Dog Day Afternoon." Only **$5.95** will bring you a **X!#$!#!** and a **$#X-@&!!** Special Budget Offer: **$2.95** for a **X!&#!**



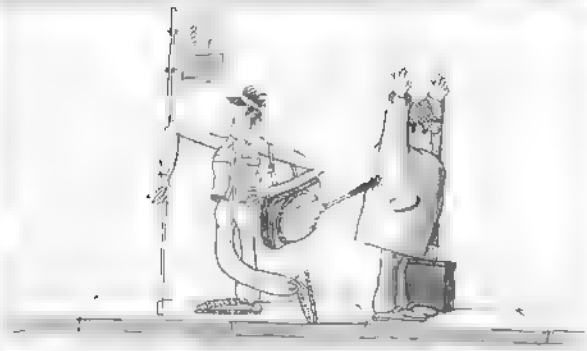
NIXED FRONT COVERS. We've got close to a dozen piled up in our stockroom, and if you saw them you'd understand. We'll never know why we commissioned a picture of Alfred E. Neuman as a Bulgarian naval officer, or conducting the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, or performing open-heart surgery, but we did and with disastrous results. Only **$12.95** each—as is and absolutely non-returnable.

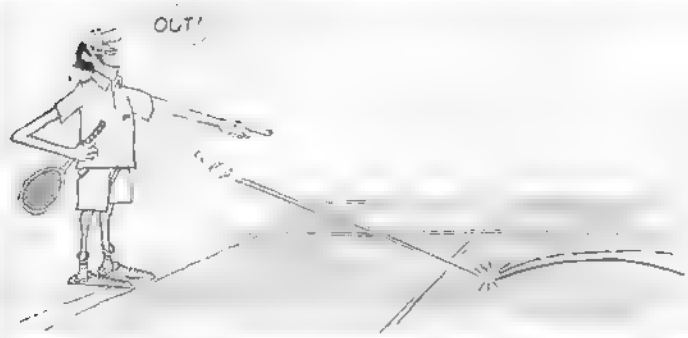
FILLERS. At MAD, a "filler" is a short article that can run any time. Well, we've got a pile of them that can't run any time. You can choose from such ridiculous premises as "You Know You're a Member of an Emerging African Nation When . . ." or "Whoopee Cushions to Match Careers" or "When The Trend Toward Aging Gets Out of Hand." **4** for **$10.00** until Feb. 1. After that, **5** for **$10.00.**

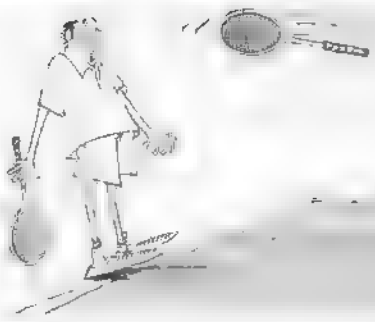
NOTE: THIS SALE ENDS AUG. 9, 1976
NO ORDERS ACCEPTED AFTER THAT DATE.

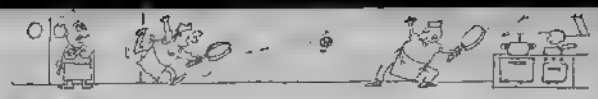
COURT JESTINGS DEPT.

A MAD Look At The



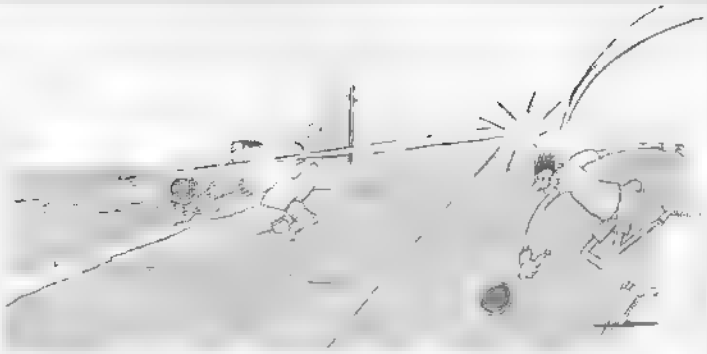


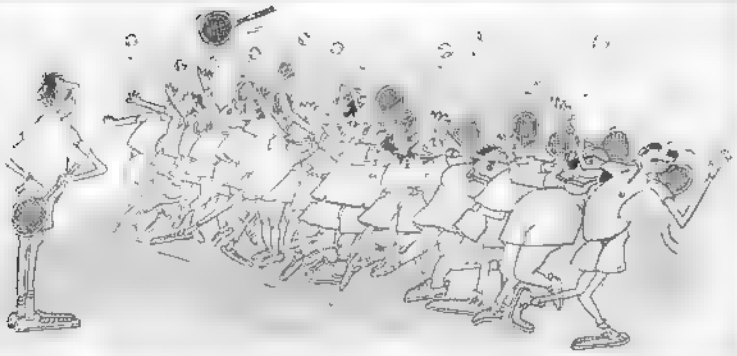


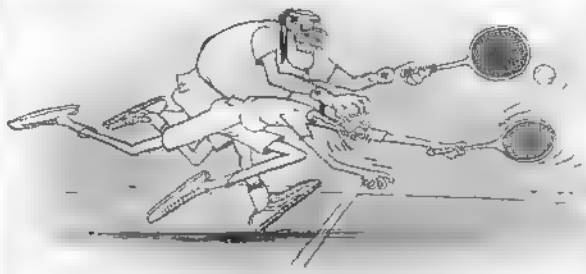


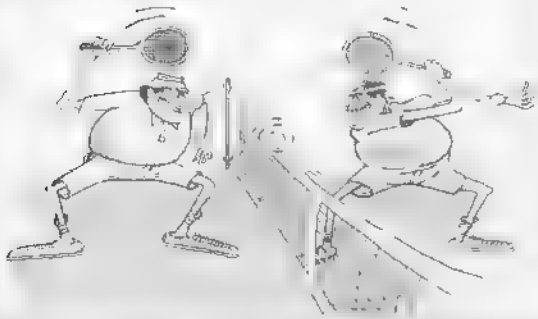
TENNIS SET

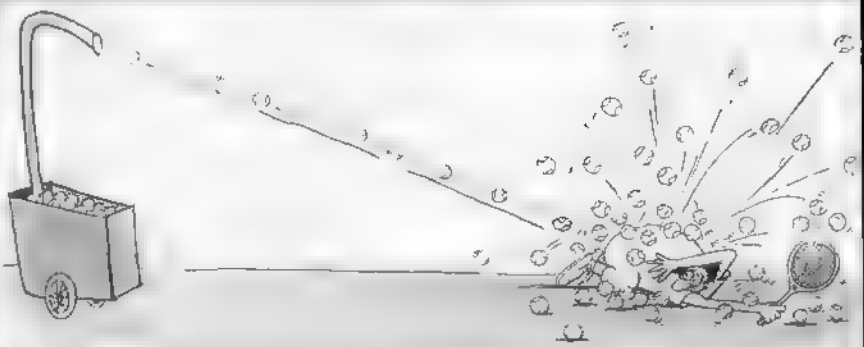
ARTIST & WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

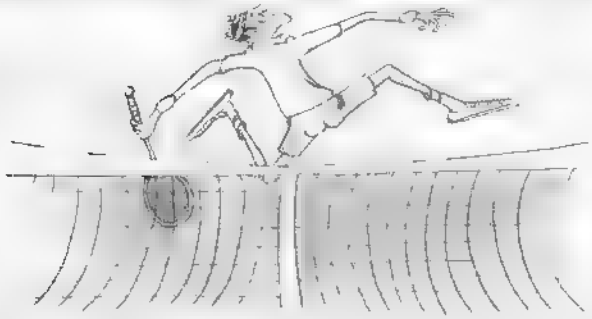


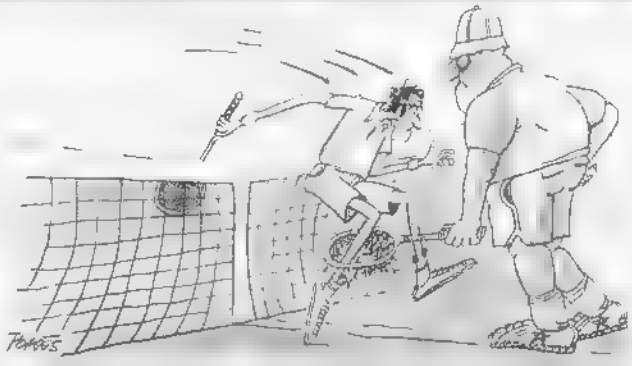


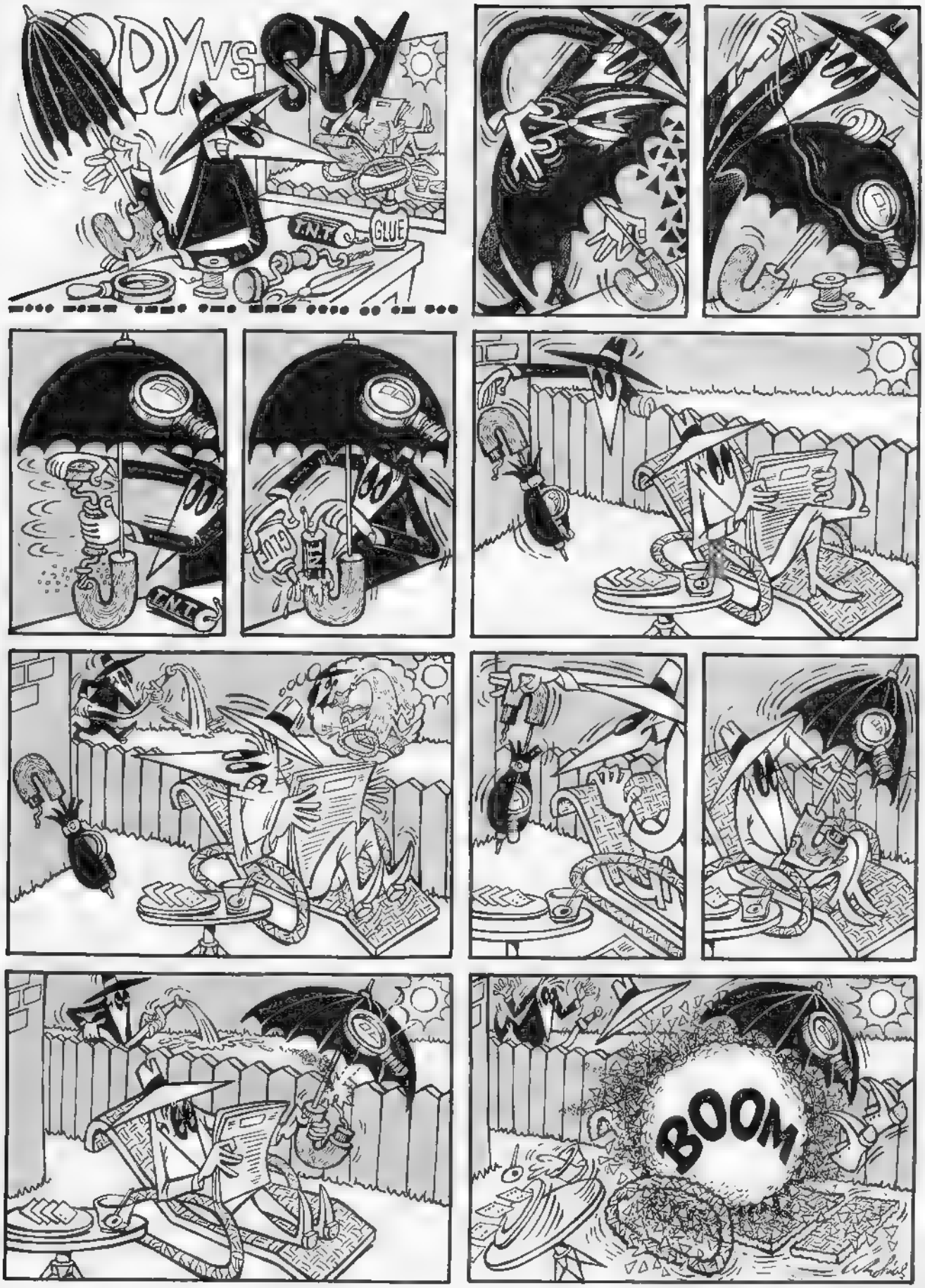











SPY vs SPY
T.N.T.
GLUE
T.N.T.
GLUE
T.N.T.
BOOM

SPLIT SCREAM DEPT.

PRESENTING A MAD DOUBLE FEATURE

CAN A 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL HANDLE HER ROLE AS A STAR OF A TEAM... AND NOT GO TO PIECES?!?

CAN A 50-YEAR-OLD COACH HANDLE A 12-YEAR OLD GIRL.. AND NOT GO TO JAIL?

WILL SPORTSMANSHIP PREVAIL IN LITTLE LEAGUES—OR IS THIS A REALISTIC MOVIE?

SEE

The year's most heart warming, adorable movie, about a bunch of misfits who show that with courage and determination, you still have to play dirty to win!

THE BAD MOUTH Bears

STARRING

TANTRUM WALTER O'NEAL MATTAU

AND A CAST OF JUVENILES OF ASSORTED SIZES, RACES, CREEDS AND VULGARITIES

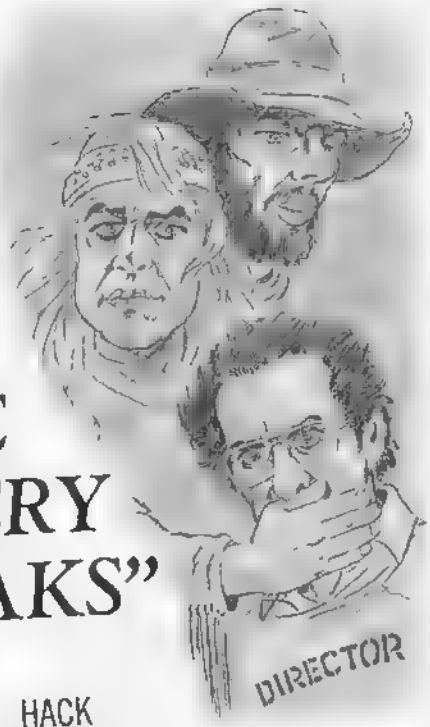
THE PICTURE MARLY BRANDY WANTED TO MAKE SO HE WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH AN AWARD ON "OSCAR" NIGHT!

THE PICTURE THAT HACK NICHOLPLUGS DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID THEY MIGHT TAKE HIS "OSCAR" BACK!

THE PICTURE THEY SAID COULDN'T BE MADE (OR WAS THAT SHOULDN'T BE MADE?)

SEE

Hollywood's two biggest Stars . . . locked in a colossal struggle . . . to determine whose career will survive this bomb!



"THE MISERY BREAKS"

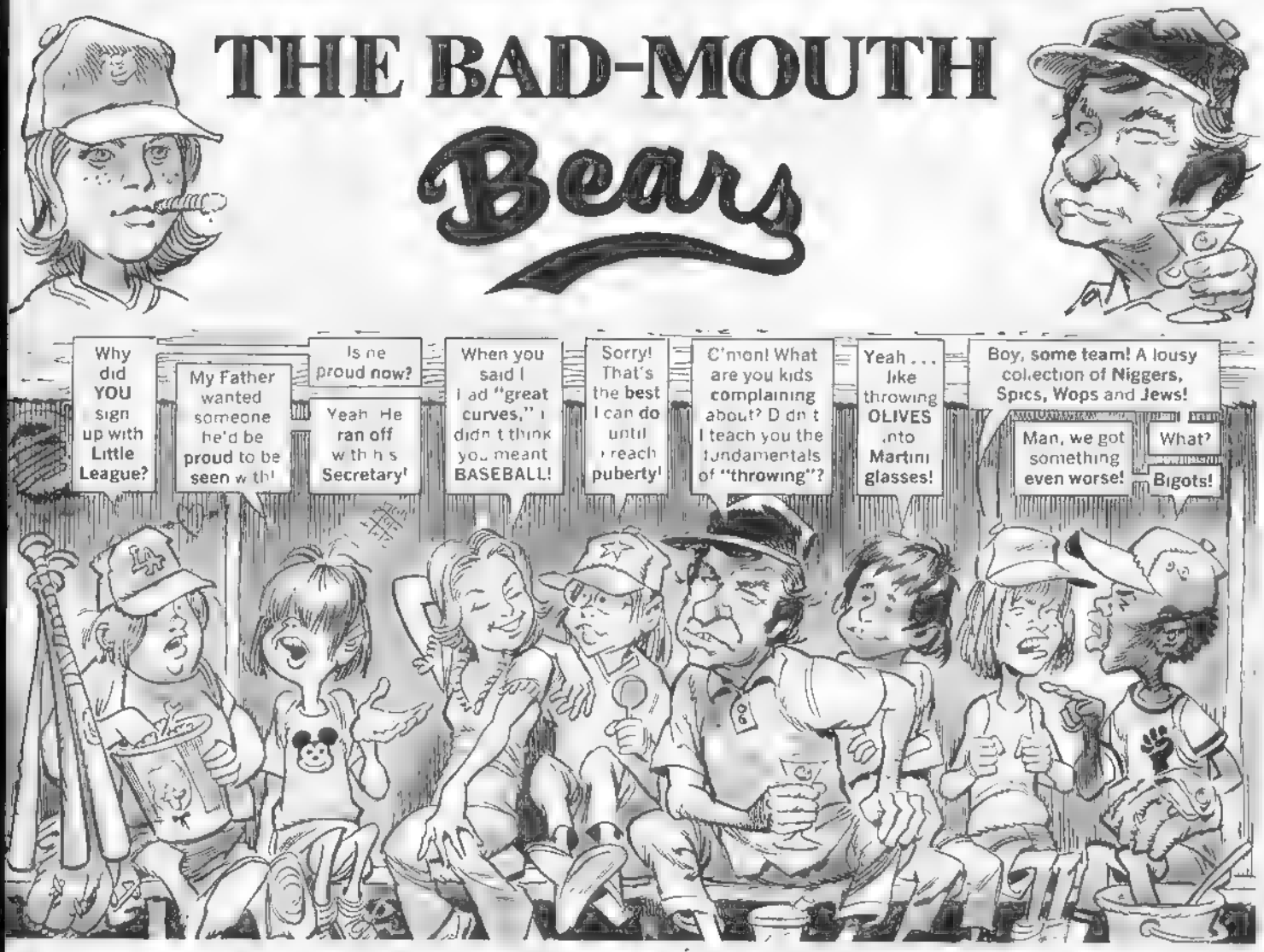
STARRING

MARLY BRANDY & HACK NICHOLPLUGS

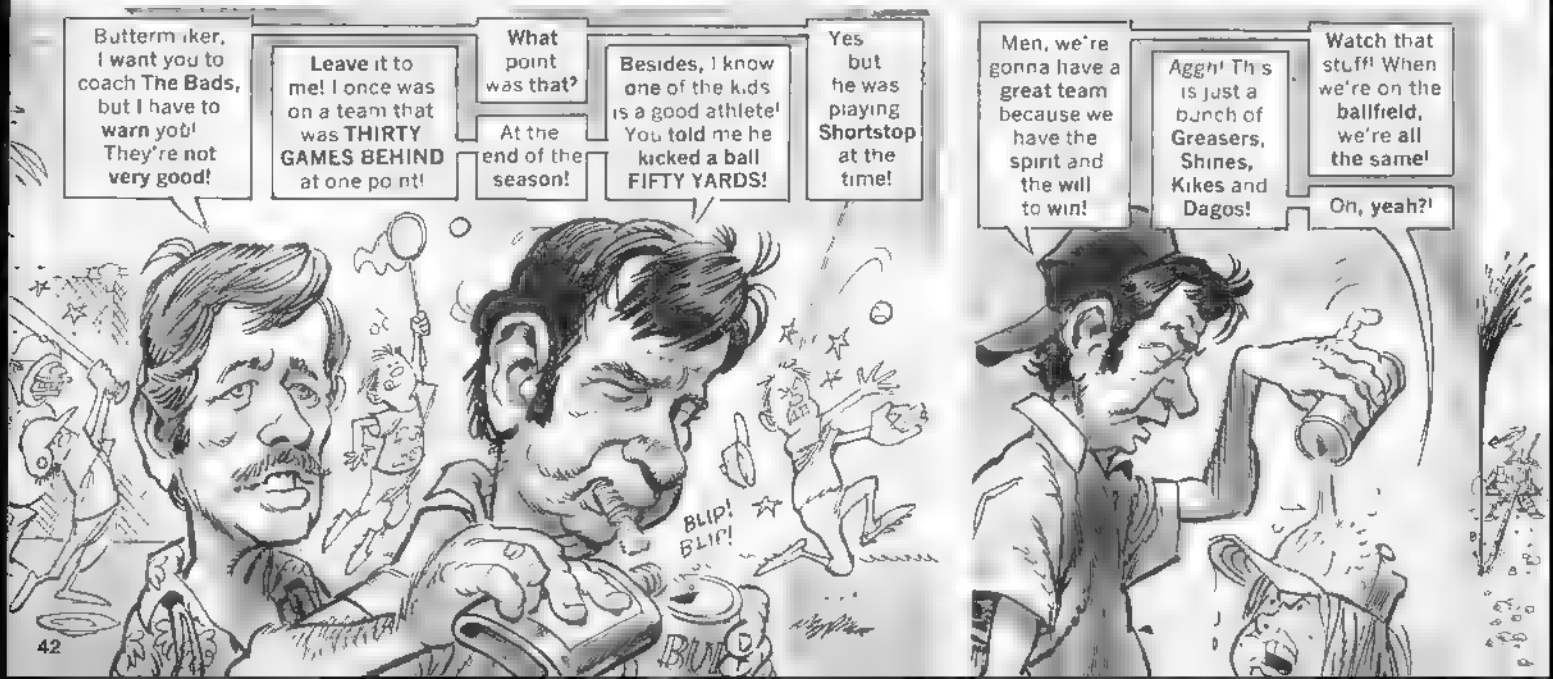
& A CAST OF ADULTS OF ASSORTED SIZES, SEXES, CREEDS AND VULGARITIES

Can a tired old man with psychological problems who tries to drown himself in drink maintain respect as a leader? No, this isn't a movie about Richard M. Nixon! It's about Coach Morris Buttermilker and . . .

THE BAD-MOUTH Bears



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

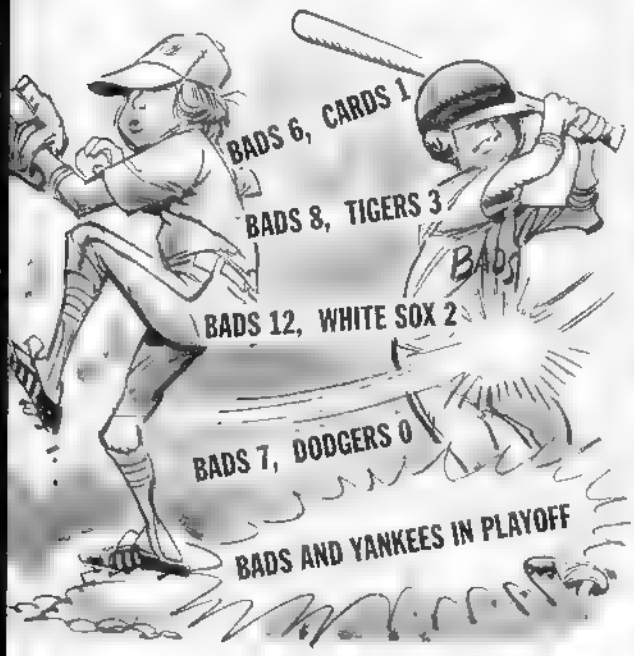


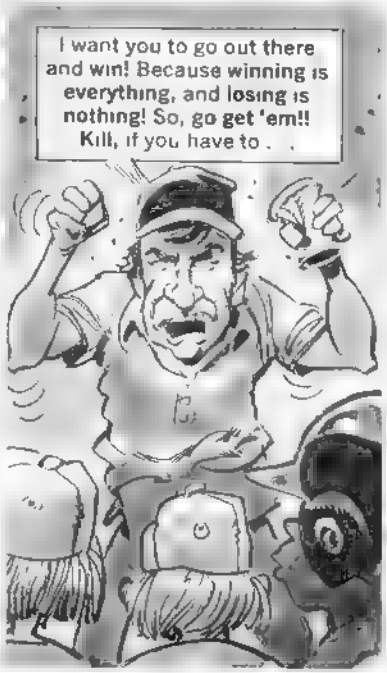
Yeah! And when I get THROUGH with them, you won't be able to tell ONE from the OTHER!
Man, THAT . . . I gotta see!!
TAP TAP TAP
Okay! Now for some chalk talk! Now you have a man on second base . . .
We don't have a second base!
Really?!? How come?
I ate it! I thought it was a muffin!
Oh . . . ? Do we have a third base?
Yeah!
How come!
I'm on a diet!
Nice swing, kid! Just one thing to remember . . .
What's that . . . ?
Wait until I throw the ball!
Nice arm, kid! Just one thing to remember
What's that . . . ?
Wait until you GET the ball!
Maybe you kids would like to do something a little safer!
What could be safer for us than baseball?
Going to WAR!!
Hey, how about our uniforms?
I got them, and they're PERFECT for you!
How can we play ball in these?!?
The same way you play ball without them! Terribly!
Buttermilker, I don't want any of your &°@%bull#%! You can take your baseball team, and you can shove it!
So you don't want to be a ballplayer any more!?! What DO you want to be??
A LADY!!
I guess you don't have it any more! You're probably over the hill!
You can't trick me into playing! I'm wise to your %*$!!
Oh, go asterisk, explanation point, ampersand, percent symbol and dollar sign yourself!
Huh? What in heck does THAT mean?!?
I'm cursing like a gentleman!!
In that case, I'll play!
MAPS TO THE HOMES OF HOLLYWOOD ACCOUNTANTS

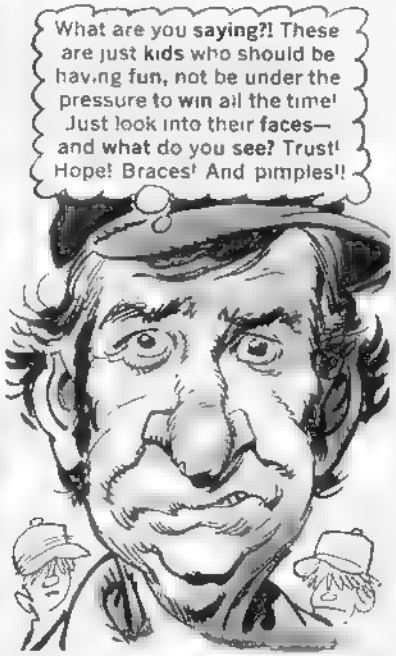
We gotta get some HITTERS! The score's nothing to nothing, top of the 31st!
That kid on the motor bike is the best player around!
Are you kidding?! Why, just yesterday, he hit ELEVEN! Pedestrians, that is!! Let me work on him!
Yeah? Who can we get?
Can he hit?

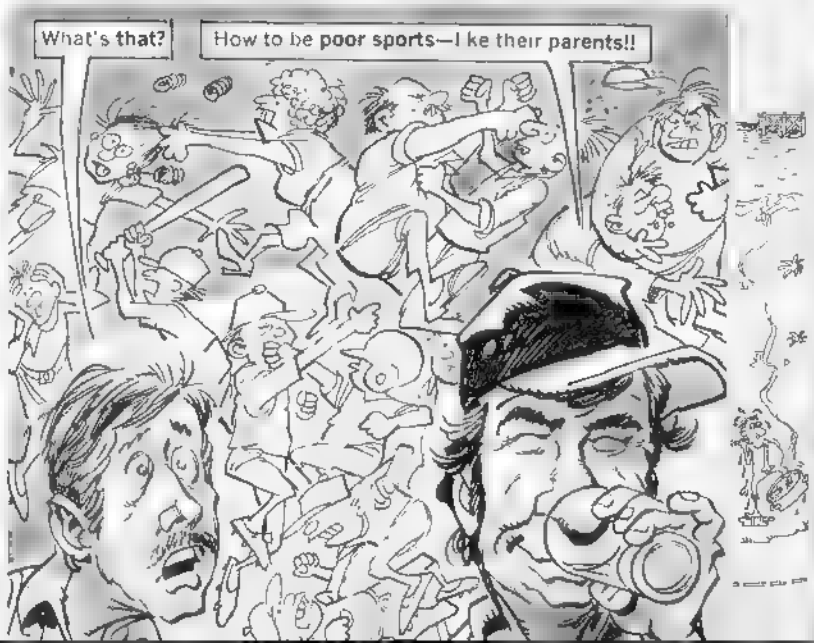
I'll bet you on this game! If I win . . . you play for The Bads!
OK. And if I WIN . . !
You can do anything you want with me!
You got a deal!

I've never been so—so thrilled—so excited in my life!
No, I LOST!
Yeah! But only if my luck holds out!
But—but that kid could do terrible, sick perverted things to you!
You WON?!?



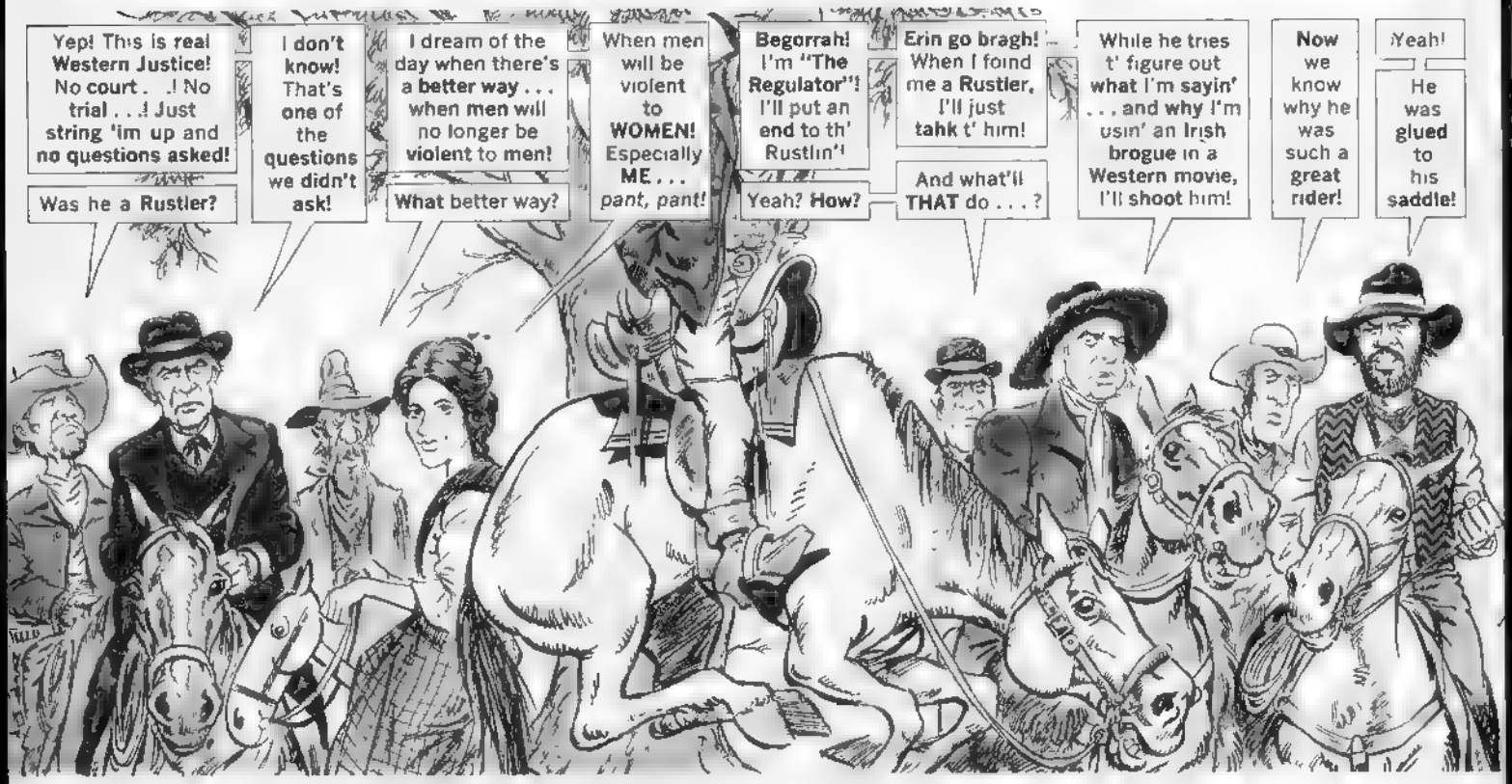




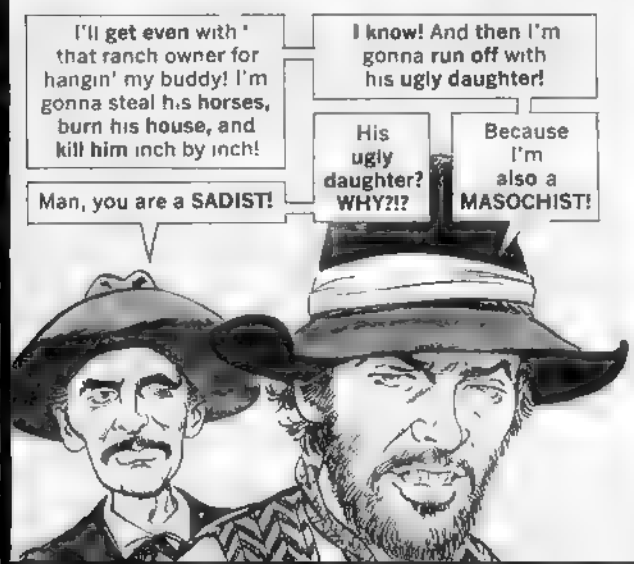


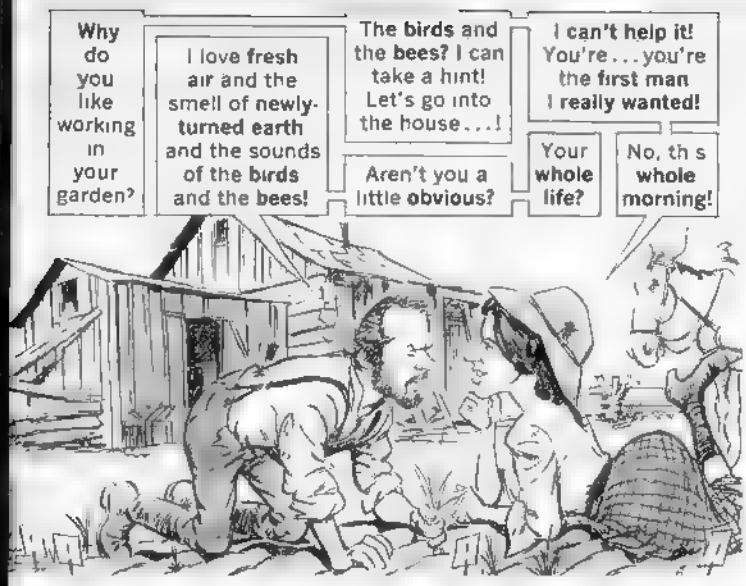
Don't tell your friends the ending of this latest Western epic making the rounds, or they'll know you sat through it all, wondering when . . .

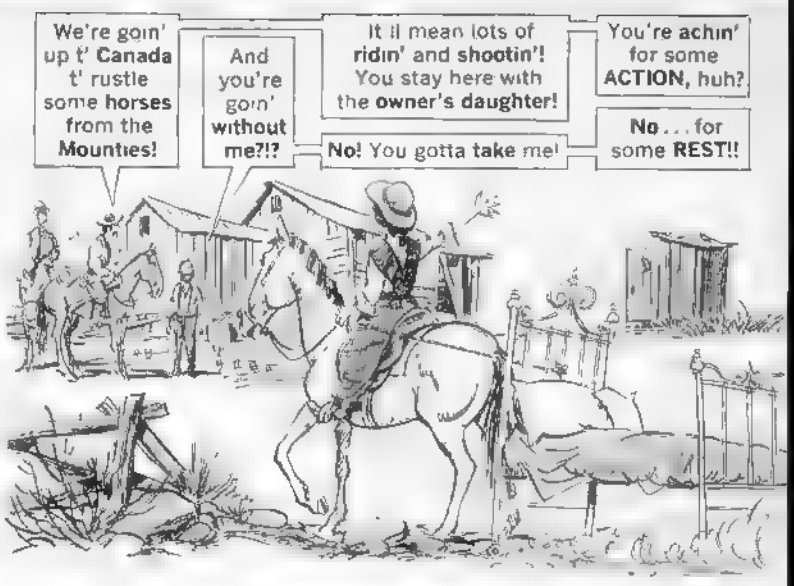
THE MISERY BREAKS

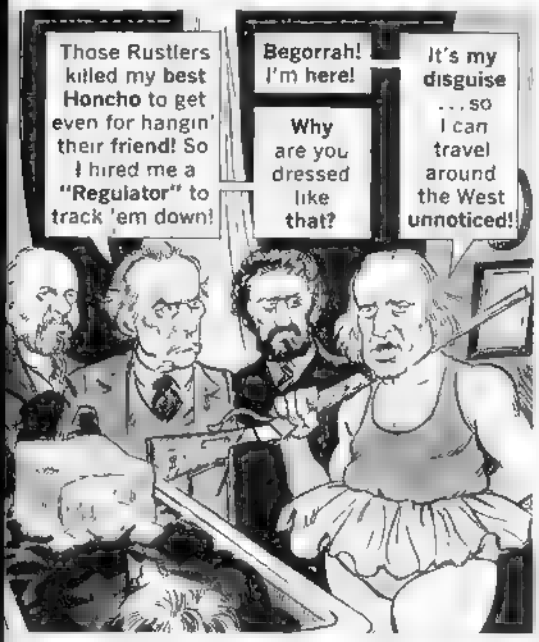


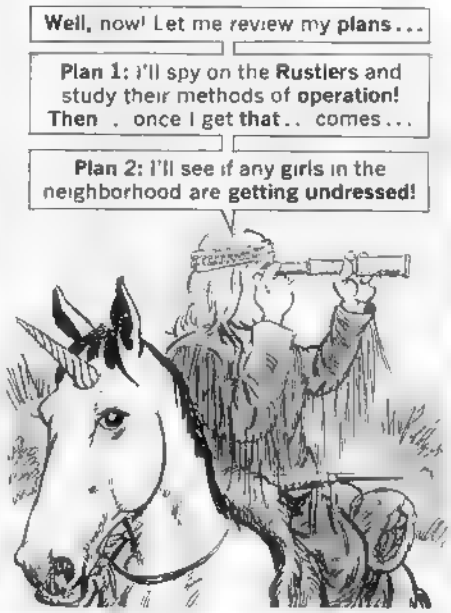
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

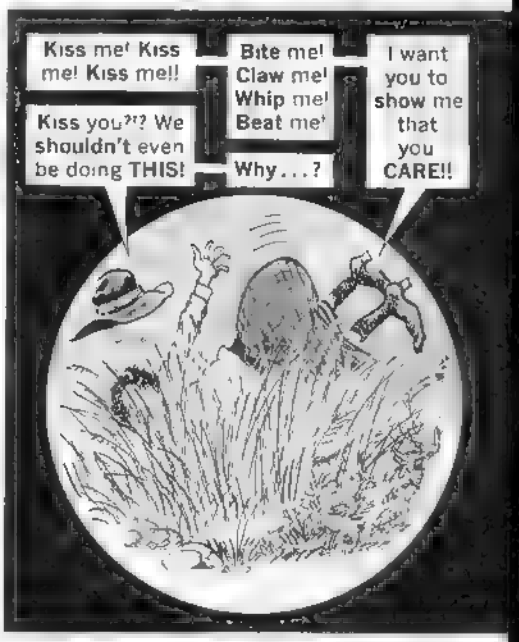


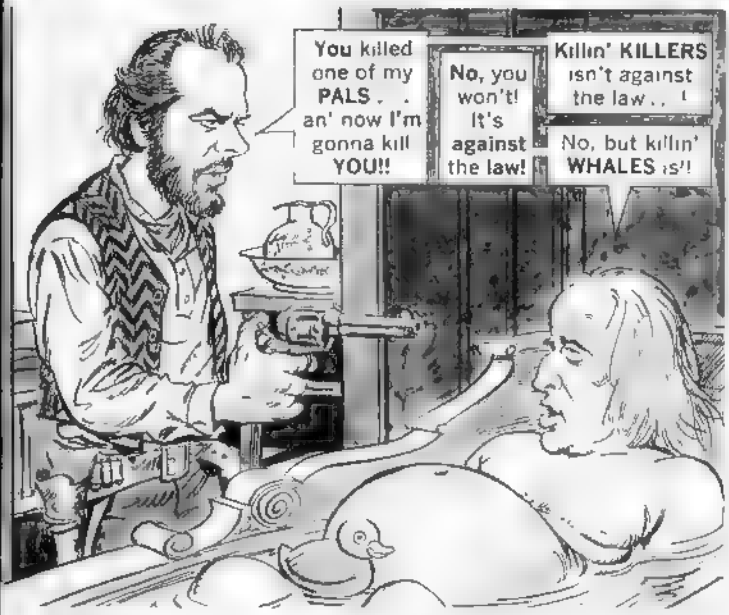

Why do you like working in your garden?
I love fresh air and the smell of newly-turned earth and the sounds of the birds and the bees!
The birds and the bees? I can take a hint! Let's go into the house...!
Aren't you a little obvious?
I can't help it! You're...you're the first man I really wanted!
Your whole life?
No, th s whole morning!

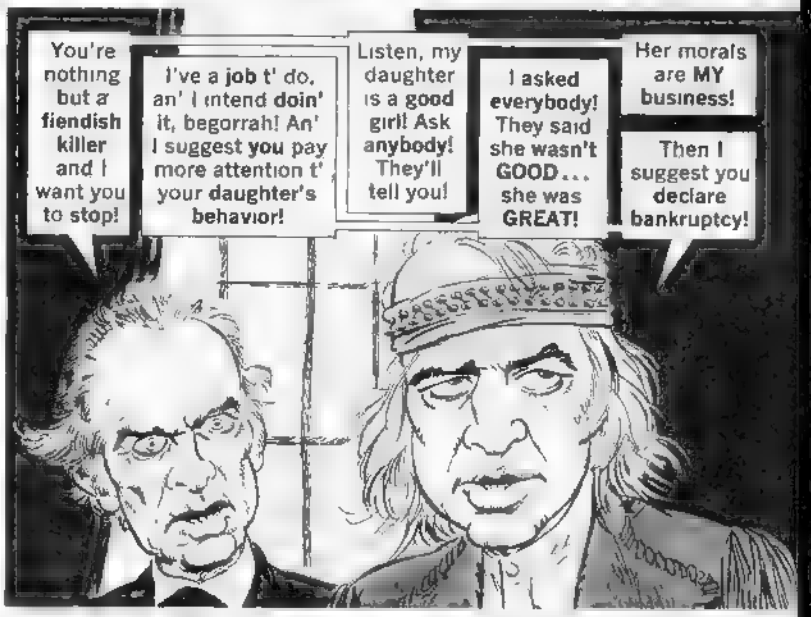

We're goin' up t' Canada t' rustle some horses from the Mounties!
And you're goin' without me?!?
It ll mean lots of ridin' and shootin'! You stay here with the owner's daughter!
No! You gotta take me!
You're achin' for some ACTION, huh?
No... for some REST!!


Those Rustlers killed my best Honcho to get even for hangin' their friend! So I hired me a "Regulator" to track 'em down!
Begorrah! I'm here!
Why are you dressed like that?
It's my disguise ...so I can travel around the West unnoticed!


Well, now! Let me review my plans...
Plan 1: I'll spy on the Rustlers and study their methods of operation! Then . once I get that.. comes...
Plan 2: I'll see if any girls in the neighborhood are getting undressed!

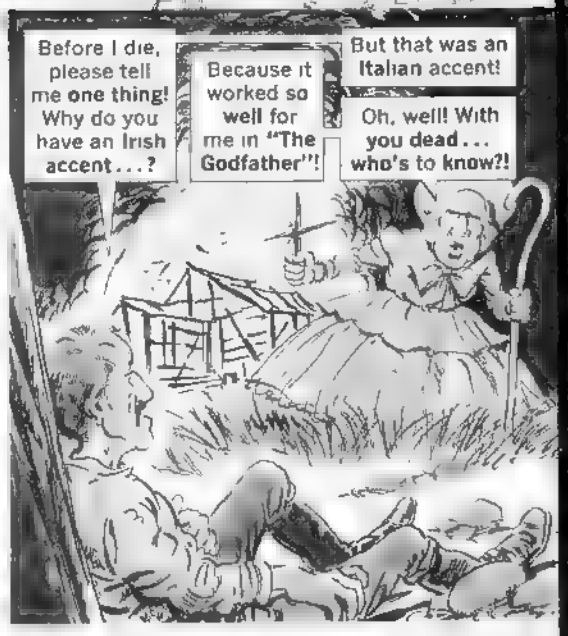

Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me!!
Kiss you?!? We shouldn't even be doing THIS!
Bite me! Claw me! Whip me! Beat me!
Why...?
I want you to show me that you CARE!!


You killed one of my PALS . . an' now I'm gonna kill YOU!!
No, you won't! It's against the law!
Killin' KILLERS isn't against the law..
No, but killin' WHALES is!!

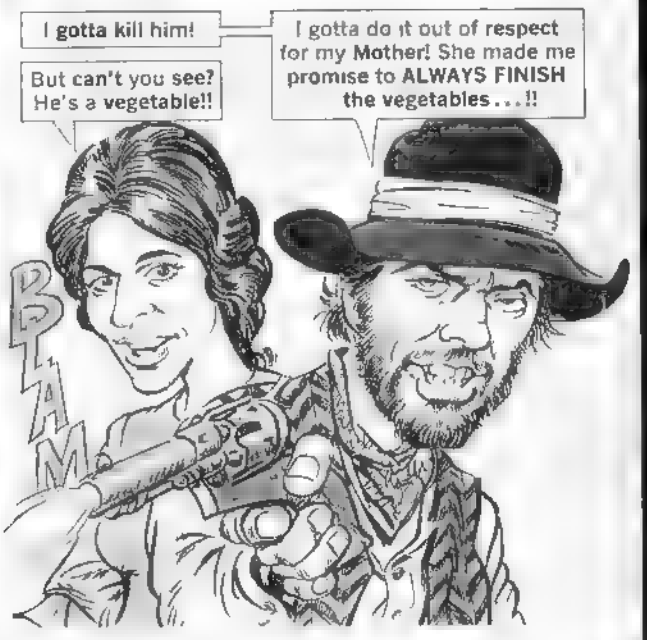

You're nothing but a fiendish killer and I want you to stop!
I've a job t' do, an' I intend doin' it, begorrah! An' I suggest you pay more attention t' your daughter's behavior!
Listen, my daughter is a good girl! Ask anybody! They'll tell you!
I asked everybody! They said she wasn't GOOD... she was GREAT!
Her morals are MY business!
Then I suggest you declare bankruptcy!

Oh, my! Was it something I said??
SPLAT

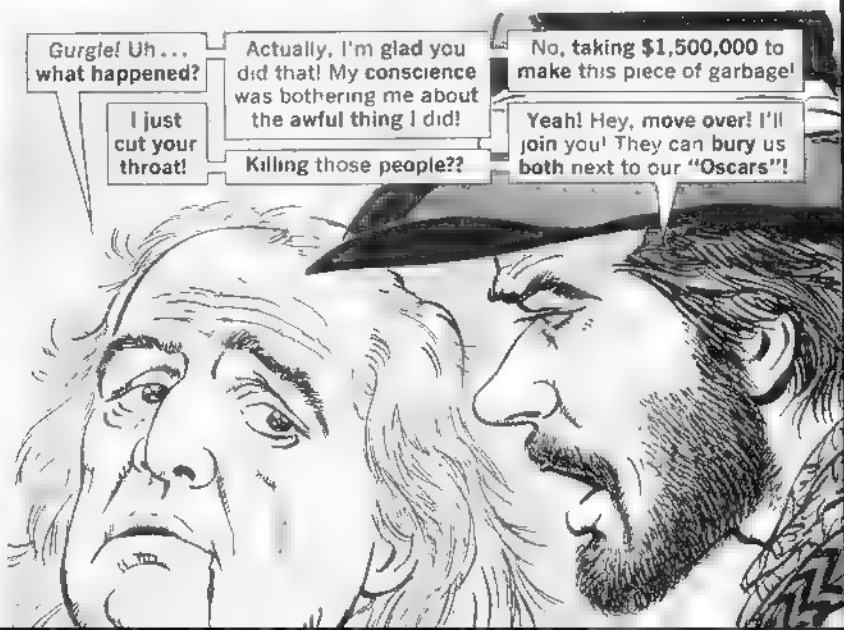
That rough toilet paper they got in those places is murder!!
K-CHUNK


Before I die, please tell me one thing! Why do you have an Irish accent . . . ?
Because it worked so well for me in "The Godfather"!
But that was an Italian accent!
Oh, well! With you dead . . . who's to know?!

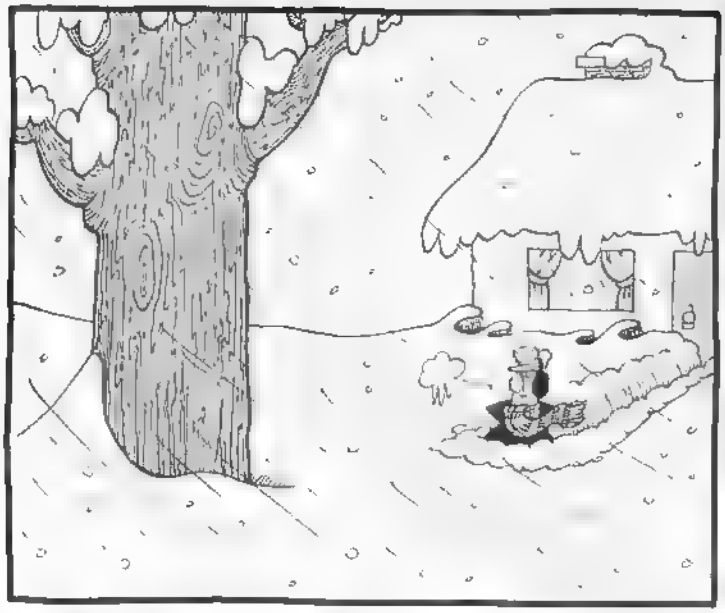
He hired that Regulator to kill my pals! Now I'm gonna torture him to death, slowly!
Okay, but let's make love before you do it!
No!
After?
No!
Wow! You're really terrific!!
What do you mean?
You want to do it DURING!!
You sure know how to get me EXCITED!!

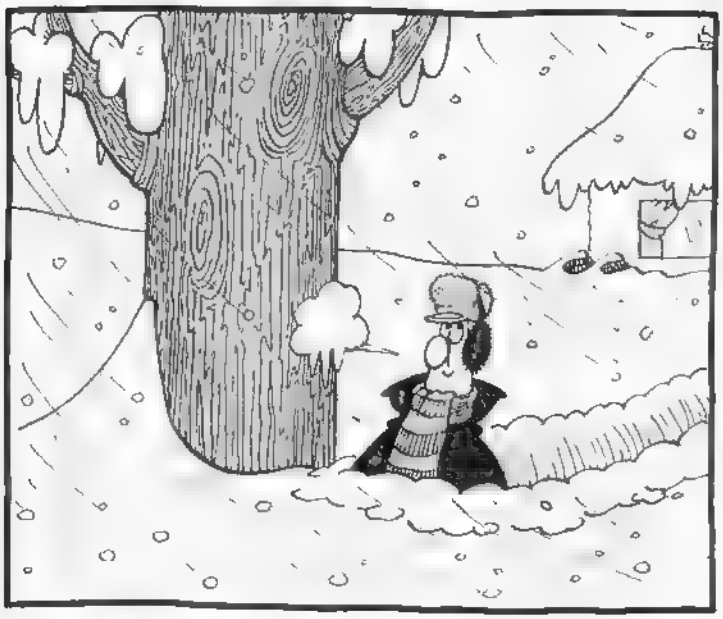

I gotta kill him!
But can't you see? He's a vegetable!!
I gotta do it out of respect for my Mother! She made me promise to ALWAYS FINISH the vegetables . . . !!
BAM

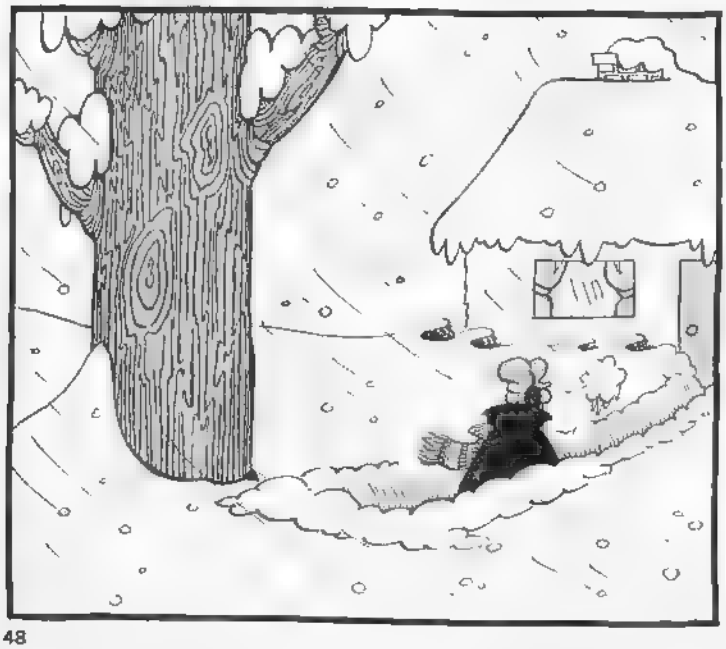
You . . . you killed him! I hate you! I HATE you! There's nothing else I hate as much as I hate—
Well . . . there IS one thing I hate even more!
What's that . . ?
Holding a grudge!! Let's go into the bedroom!!


Gurgle! Uh . . . what happened?
I just cut your throat!
Actually, I'm glad you did that! My conscience was bothering me about the awful thing I did!
Killing those people??
No, taking $1,500,000 to make this piece of garbage!
Yeah! Hey, move over! I'll join you! They can bury us both next to our "Oscars"!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON LAST JANUARY

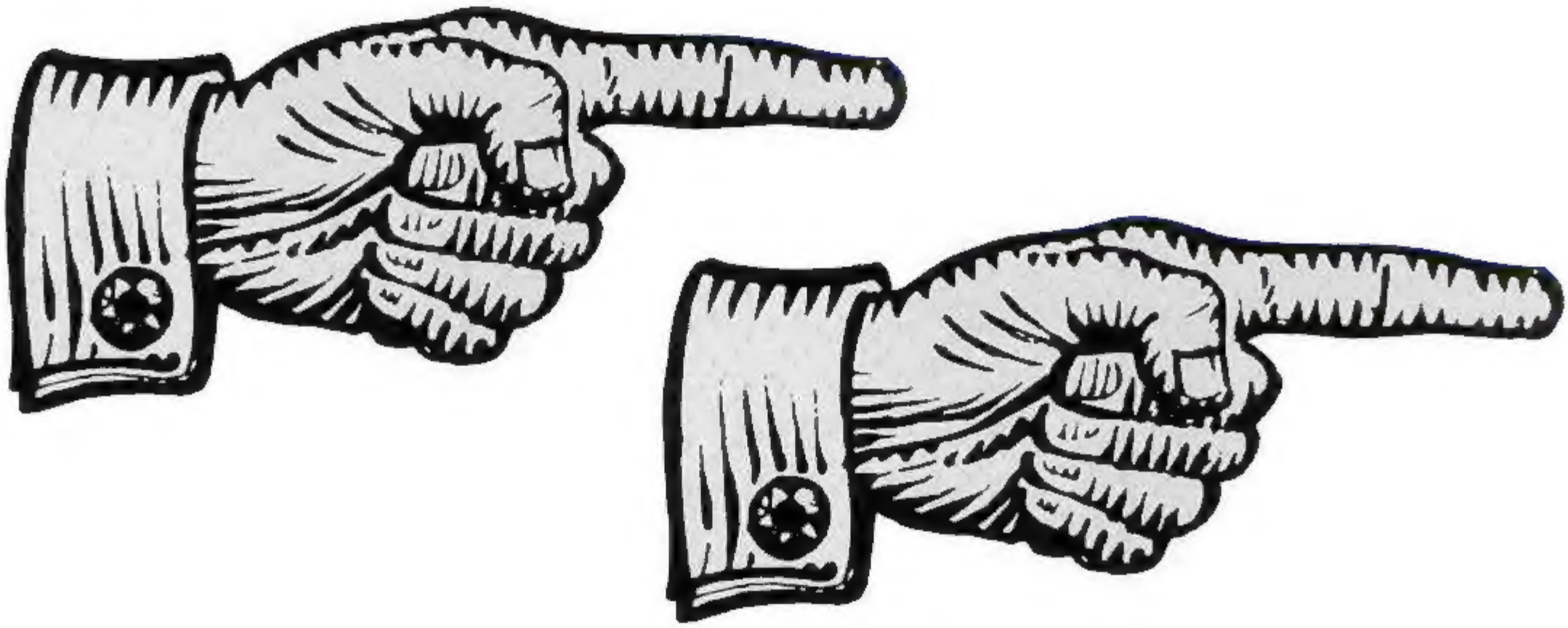






Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT PARTICULAR SPECIES IN OUR ENVIRONMENT IS SURE TO GET SPECIAL PROTECTION FROM ANY WINNING CANDIDATE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

There are many creatures in our environment that look to our elected officials for their survival. But one particular animal has no worries at all because it is always fully protected by the winning candidates. To find out which species this is, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

FIERCE FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL AFFECT SPECIES AT ALL LEVELS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT. BUT EVERY CANDIDATE WHO WINS HAS ONE SPECIES HE PROTECTS

A▸ ◂B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

WHAT PARTICULAR SPECIES IN OUR ENVIRONMENT IS SURE TO GET **SPECIAL PROTECTION** FROM ANY WINNING CANDIDATE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

FAT

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

CATS
A▸ ◂B

PAY AS YOU GO!

THE PRACTICE OF MODERN MEDICINE

AMA
ANOTHER MAD ADMONITION
MINI-POSTER